

# *The Aldine*

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THE VILLAGE BEAUTY.—C. METTAIS.



## THE ALDINE.

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## IN SLUMBEROUS SUMMER.

THE hammock's nettings clasp me fast,  
In a slumberous swaying to and fro,  
While the sea-air steals with a cooling breath  
To dispel the day's too-fervid glow.

From the grass I hear the saucy chirp  
Of the robin tip-toeing, hopping along;  
While above me the oriole thrills the air  
With a rich, melodious burst of song.

No more of the earth! My body sleeps,  
And my soul escapes its jail for a time, —  
The body's senses, — reveling free  
In its native clime of song and rhyme.

Ah! now of what worth are the loves of earth?  
Did Titian's soul or Raphael's  
Ever meet with a face of such rare grace,  
Or a crown like a bunch of asphodels?

Or their pencils paint an outline faint  
Of the glimmering soul as it shimmered through,  
To vie with the radiant vision of bliss  
That bursts on my soul's unhampered view?

Dreaming is life! After all, the strife  
And bustle of earth are the "fleeting show;"  
Where gold is the god, and conscience a rod  
That none may feel or fear or know.

Dreaming is life, — where the fetterless soul  
In reality launches its bright ideal;  
And thought's bright images dance around,  
Than earth's petty toys far more real.

And in dreams I lived, for a pleasant hour,  
A life seeming real as sweet and rare,  
And floated along in a maze of song  
That seemed as a part of the lambent air.

But life's bright day, where in spirit we roam,  
When the angel of dreams, for a moment too brief,  
Throws open the prison-doors binding to earth  
The weary soul welcoming each glad relief,

Is also succeeded by night and by sleep,  
Where the soul wanders back to the earth in its dreams,  
And labors and longs for the loves and the songs  
That only are found where the future's light gleams.

So I in a maze fell asleep when the day's  
Effulgence on hill-top and cloud was aglow,  
And in dreams seemed to float in aerial boat,  
To a soft-breathing music so plaintive and low.

Ah! what a surprise when I opened my eyes!  
So I had been dreaming in heavenly spheres:  
The while my dull body had slumbered an hour,  
My spirit had lived in its love-life for years.

Enveloped in fog that was chilling and dense,  
By easterly wind marshaled up from the sea,  
I looked once again — but, alas! all in vain —  
For the foretaste of bliss that made earth-sorrows flee.

Where now were the lips that were crimson with life,  
And cheeks that were rich with the sun's dying gleam?  
A rustle of wings, and a glimmering breast,  
And again it would seem like a summer-day's dream.

And where were the glory and wealth that fell down  
From the radiant crown of the vision so fair?  
One sweetly trilled note from the oriole's throat,  
And a quick-dying gleam flashing through the dense air.

Ah! what is all this but a vision of life?  
What is love's sweetest song and its tenderest lisp?  
Pursue in a maze to the end of your days,  
And own at the last 'tis a will-o'-the-wisp.

— Earl Marble.

## WILLIAM HOGARTH.

*You have many enemies, that know not  
Why they are so; but, like to village curs,  
Bark when their fellows do. — SHAKESPEARE.*

WHEN Hogarth's early works were given to the world they were not acknowledged as those of genius, and Walpole has observed that "no symptoms of genius dawned in them." It seems unaccountable that one so sagacious should have failed to recognize talent where it could not have been otherwise than, in some degree, evident. Such, however, are the opinions with which struggling youths of genius have to contend.

The productions of artists furnish no parallels to the peculiar excellences of Hogarth's style. This noted painter and engraver was born in the parish of St. Bartholomew the Great, London, in the year 1697. He attained distinction as a portrait painter, but his fame rests upon those works of a satirical and moral order which are regarded as, perhaps, the most impressive illustrations of the damning results of idleness, extravagance, vice and political corruption.

William Hogarth's career is in evidence of what appears to be a fact — that persistent devotion to an inborn belief can override seeming insurmountable obstacles, and win fame for the man who has confidence in his own abilities.

It would seem derogatory to English art-perception that Hogarth's works did not command larger prices or win reputation for him at an earlier period than appears. But the cold truth stands forth that he was a poor and unfriended youth, and we may conclude that it was for this reason that the public remained blind to his efforts for so long a time. "Before the world felt his talents, and while he was storing his mind and his portfolio with nature and character, then was the season of fluctuating spirits, rising and falling hopes, churlish landladies and importunate creditors. When he had conquered all these difficulties, his vanity — and who would not be vain in such circumstances — loved to dwell on those scenes of labor and privation, and fight over again the battle which ended so honorably to him as a man and so gloriously to him as an artist."

Hogarth flourished, then, in spite of privations and indignities. Previous to him England had, for centuries, relied almost wholly upon foreign skill for works of art; but with him there commenced to gather in the British art firmament a constellation of stars whose brilliancy shone upon England with an effect such as established the complete success of the fine arts in that country.

In reviewing the life of Hogarth, it is not easy to understand why he should have been continually assailed as a portrait painter, and yet learn the fact that his portrait of Garrick as Richard III. should have commanded £200 — the largest price until then paid to an English artist for a single portrait, and we are told the price was sanctioned by a number of his profession. Hogarth's portraits of himself may be regarded as of great merit, while that of Henry Fielding is undoubtedly an admirable performance. It was executed after death, from memory, and is, I believe, the only picture in existence of that celebrity. One of his best portraits is that of Corman, the projector of the Foundling Hospital. In this "counterfeit presentment" the benevolence of the man beams forth as a prominent feature. These and other examples should be regarded as sufficient testimony that enmity and continued persecutions deprived the world of much of his genius in the line of historical portrait painting. But Hogarth knew that art was his calling and it would yet be in his power to win the applause of mankind through the splendor of his conceptions. After stating reasons why his portraits had claims for general favor, he remarked, "notwithstanding all this, the current observation was, that portraits were not my province. \* \* \* This so much disgusted me that I sometimes declared I would never paint another portrait, and frequently refused when applied to."

But we are informed that while he was thus contending with the world for "bread" and with his brother artists for reputation in portrait painting, which was regarded at that time as the "only lucrative branch of the art," he was secretly collecting material for those engravings and paintings of artistic satire which won for him, not only fortune and an influential position in life, but also immortality for his name. In 1734 he gave to the world "The Harlot's Progress." Its success was immediate and pronounced. It was issued in a series of six plates illustrating "the march from modesty to folly — from folly to vice — from vice to crime — and from crime to death." Living personages were represented in these scenes, and it is related that at a meeting of the Board of Treasury, in session at the time of their issue, one of the lords produced a copy of the third print containing a likeness of Sir John Gonson. It created such satisfaction and delight, that from the treasury each lord wended his way to the artist's agent for the purchase of a copy.

Hitherto, Hogarth had traveled with many burdens, and had made but little progress in ascending the heights of fame; but, with an easy effort, he now

threw off those burdens, and with a single leap gained the eminence. An author's pen has never yet been reduced to that delicacy of composition as to enable it, with force of moral teaching, to "write up," for general reading, the lasciviousness of a great city. Yet Hogarth's pictures, portraying the scenes of the "guilty splendor of the pollution of London" and the miseries of its "Gin Lanes," are placed, not only in the most conspicuous places, but in drawing-rooms and family libraries, in order that the solemn lessons which they teach may be "read" by all classes. Many chief works of supreme artists often excite unholy thoughts and bring blushes to the modest cheek. But those of this original master that may be considered as bold, from the same standpoint, make the heart of the spectator sad, and as he beholds them with intense interest, the seducing allurements of unlawful love become loathsome to the imagination.

The demand for Hogarth's "burning satires on the reigning follies of London," it is said, soon induced needy artists to engrave his most popular productions to such an extent as would evidently, if continued, impair his income. He accordingly, in 1735, applied to Parliament and obtained an act restraining "copies of such works from being made without consent of the owner." It will only be necessary to make brief mention of a few of those works in order to impress the reader with their great worth and popularity. "The Rake's Progress" followed "The Harlot's Progress." I think his first effort, however, in the line of originality, was "The Taste of the Town." Others of his more prominent works are "The Sleeping Congregation," "The Four Times of Day," "The Roast Beef of Old England," "Modern Midnight Conversation," "Strolling Actresses," "The March of the Guards to Finchley," "Beer Street and Gin Lane," "Southwark Fair," "The Distressed Poet," "The Enraged Musician," "Industry and Idleness," "Marriage à la Mode," "France and England," "Credulity, Superstition and Fanaticism," "The Four Stages of Cruelty," and many which I do not recall. In these remarkable productions of art, Hogarth has lifted the veil and exposed national, political, religious and social abuses, as well as the abuses of wealth and fashion. They are not pictures of the imagination, but of real life and practices. As works of entire originality they may be said to stand pre-eminent. I am aware that his "Four Stages of Cruelty" are very generally condemned, from the fact of their revolting character; but this sickening of the heart which they produce in some is, in fact, the evidence of their worth. Hogarth's purpose, we may conclude, in producing these really admirable illustrations, was to make hardened wretches and wicked youths realize the sufferings which their cruel acts inflict, and that cruelty to animals often ends in that crime which brings its own fearful punishment. To do this it was necessary for him to portray the most extreme scenes of torture and criminal justice. The "Four Stages of Cruelty" are revolting to the spectator only so far as cruelty is in itself revolting to the kindly nature, and to have produced so desirable a result is evidence that his art belongs to the faithful order. A century rolled by ere these pictures met with a setting in accord with their exalted, though widely unappreciated merits — the walls of a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

A novel, called "The Marriage Act," and the drama of "The Clandestine Marriage," are founded upon his six scenes in high life entitled "Marriage à la Mode."

At once did "thrifty citizens" seize upon his "Idleness and Industry," that their children might learn how an industrious apprentice led a happy life and became Lord Mayor of London, while an idle apprentice led a life of misery, meeting a sad and untimely death.

It is to be lamented that such prevailing ignorance should exist as to cause Hogarth, in public estimation, to be ranked with caricaturists; but where, in all his works, can an unnatural distortion of a human limb be found? His figures are only ludicrous after the freaks of nature, and, as has been truly observed, there is almost always to be found in his pieces some "beautiful female form, or the cherub features of a child." His delineations of the face exhibit the actual peculiarities of feature or the impress which a life of vice or virtue may produce. He lampooned, not as a politician, but as a great moral reformer; consequently his productions are not the miserable caricatures of an excited imagination. He was too



supreme an artist to willfully invent hideous drawings of the human structure that God has so "fearfully and wonderfully made."

Hogarth married a daughter of Sir James Thornhill, became sergeant-painter to the king, and the author of a book called "The Analysis of Beauty." In this publication he claims to have discovered that the "winding or serpentine line is the foundation of all that is beautiful in the works of art or the productions of nature." It argues that the leaves of the tree, fruit, and the blossoms of flowers are formed with curved lines. The "beauty of the hills and the grandeur of the mountains" are marked by this line of grace, and it creates all that is beautiful in the human form, being especially noticeable in the perfection of the female figure, while magnificent shells of the ocean are marked by undulating lines of exquisite colors.

In support of this theory, it is observed that in the best productions of the great artists of Italy and Greece the line of beauty appears in "natural and elegant forms," and nowhere do "stiff and rigid lines" appear; and it would seem, as represented, that Michael Angelo, in giving advice to his scholar, Marcus de Sciena, had some notion of the principle.

Hogarth died at the age of 67 years. He had many enemies through life, but a large majority of them, it may safely be assumed, belonged to that class which Shakspeare so admirably defines in the words which form a caption to this article. William Hogarth had his faults; but he was so great a benefactor to mankind, so good a friend to the animal creation, and so much good was in him, that I will not profane his memory by "raking them up" after he has lain in his grave for a hundred and ten years.

—Joseph Watson.

#### WHITE ELEPHANTS.

THE recent demise of one of the royal white elephants, and his state burial with royal rites, has been the absorbing sensation and topic at the Siamese court.

There could scarcely have been more lavish display of wealth, or a deeper respect manifested by the attendants on the gorgeous funeral ceremonies, had either of the kings died. The mourning was evidently as sincere, as profound and universal. Among many eastern nations, especially the Burmese and Siamese, the white elephant is so highly prized, that the very prosperity of a reign is believed to be foretold by the taking of one; and the most esteemed of all the royal titles of the kings of Siam, has from time immemorial been "Undisputed Lord of the White Elephant."

A subject can perform no greater service to his sovereign than to capture one of these animals, provided he be of the coveted color. The man so fortunate is rewarded with a silver coronet, and as many broad acres of arable or forest land, whichever he may elect, as will equal the extent at which an elephant's loudest roar can be heard; while all his descendants to the third generation are exempt from taxation, and conscription into the army and navy. The governor of the province in whose domain the white elephant has been taken, is commanded to open a road through the forest, at whatever cost, for the convenient transit of the sacred animal; and when the river is reached, he is transferred to a house on a raft, and amid royal pavilions, garlanded with rare flowers, tended by princes and nobles, pampered with kingly dainties, and soothed by musical instruments, the elephant is escorted to the presence of the sovereign—that is, if the sovereign should not have descended from his throne and gone out as one of the escorts of the highly prized animal. This, however, not unfrequently happens, as in the case of one taken in September, 1870, when both the first and second kings went out in royal state, attended by princes and courtiers, with music and rejoicings, to welcome the arrival of a large elephant, that came nearer being really white than any previously discovered in the country. For, ordinarily, they are of a clear, well-defined cream color, with soft, glossy hair, though evidently not albinos, as stated by some writers, since the organs of vision are perfectly sound, seeming to evince no repugnance to the brightest light, and the eyes are in all respects like those of the common elephant, except that the iris is white.

For more than thirty years, the glory of Siam, and the proudest boast of its monarchs, was the possession of four white elephants—a larger number than

any other oriental nation is known to have enjoyed at any one period. One of the four, the oldest, largest, and most highly valued, died in 1838, during the reign of the usurper, King Prá Nang Klan, and its death was looked upon by his majesty as an event of evil omen. The whole court sympathized in their monarch's affliction, and every expedient that Siamese ingenuity could suggest was resorted to, in order to avert the dreaded calamity. Princes and governors were summoned from the remotest bounds of the kingdom, to present offerings to the gods, and thus propitiate Fate in behalf of the afflicted favorite; soothsayers were called in, omens and oracles were consulted; and daily in all the temples, the voices of the priests rose in supplication to the spirit of the sacred animal, that he "would not forsake the body he had hitherto condescended to occupy." But all proving ineffectual, the agonized monarch threw himself, in a frenzy of despair, in the very dust before the sick favorite, and beating his breast, exclaimed, "O my mother, my mother, if you die, the glory of your son's kingdom will depart, nor can he exist without your beloved presence!" But the inexorable elephant refused to be propitiated, and died despite the entreaties of her royal "son." As in the case of the one recently deceased, the body was laid in state under a royal canopy for several days, receiving meanwhile the same reverential homage that is paid to the remains of a deceased king. After this, the body of the lamented favorite was interred with regal honors, the immense procession being accompanied by theatricals, songs, dirges, and all the pomp of a royal burial. Yet this was not mere caprice on the part of a childish old man, nor was it the idle whim of a monomaniac weeping for the loss of a dumb pet. The farce, ridiculous as it seems to our eyes, had its foundation in the deep-rooted, honest belief held by this king, in common with all Buddhists, that the body of every white elephant is tenanted by the spirit of a king, or an embryo god, in its transit from one state of being to another. So the monarch felt confident that in the person of his favorite elephant he was conferring the rights of hospitality, on either the future Buddh, or on some illustrious personage of royal or priestly lineage. Of course, the coming of such a guest was fraught with honor and blessing, and his departure would be deprecated as the harbinger of inevitable calamity.

One of the most noted and highly venerated of all the Bali sacred books is entitled "Prá Cha T'an," ("The Elephant King"); a remarkable production that details in most grandiloquent style, the adventures of Guádamá, the fourth Buddh, while he existed on earth in the form of a white elephant. With such ideas woven into every tissue of his religion, the Buddhist can not do otherwise than welcome heartily so honored a guest, and lavish upon him while he remains, all possible honors and luxuries.

The white elephants owned by the king of Siam, during my residence at his capital, I saw frequently; and each was living apart, in a palace of his own, regal in style and dimensions, while a full corps of officers and attendants made up the households of the royal favorites. I generally found these animals standing upon a raised platform, over which was spread soft, white cloth, to protect the plates of pure gold with which the floors were paved. During the day, each elephant was tied to an upright pole in the centre of his platform—the ropes being covered with silk, and on state occasions gold chains, heavy and massive, were used. Many times every day, the animals were led round for exercise, and morning and evening to their bath, when they were escorted by a full band of music, and on coming in, a state officer washed their feet in a golden basin, such as is used only by the royal family. At night they were left wholly unfettered, to rest in such manner as pleased them; but a trusty guard watched beside each animal, to prevent accidents, and minister to his wants. By day and by night a canopy of state was placed over each one's head, and embroidered silken curtains hung around, to conceal the august personage from the vulgar gaze, and secure to his elephantine "excellency" the degree of privacy so illustrious a being is supposed to require. They all wore rings on their tusks and trunks, and massive gold anklets on their huge legs. For food and drink, they had all manner of costly dainties served in vessels of solid gold; but I generally found them munching sugar-cane or bananas, in preference to more expensive viands. In some other matters, their tastes were more aristocratic. They evidently admired their gorgeous trappings and surroundings, and looked with marked complacency

on well-dressed people. Their keepers said that a menial durst not approach these lordly animals; and that they always resented the removal of any portion of their jewelry, for washing or repairs, while they signified unqualified approval of its return. Their royal master they had been taught to welcome with a profound *salám*, which was made by slowly raising the huge proboscis to its utmost extent, and then bringing it reverently to the royal feet. It was beautiful to see the tender, loving look of the almost human eyes, and the gentle fawning of the ungainly animals, the moment the king came within sight; and the salutes were always given with a degree of *empressment*, as evincive of affection as of sagacity. A favor shown, a few bits of sugar-cane or fruit kindly presented, or even a pat and a loving word from a visitor, they remembered long after; while an injury, real or fancied, was treasured up with equal tenacity and vengeance taken on the offender, perhaps months afterward, if opportunity had not sooner offered. It was the largest and most highly prized of these elephants that died in 1838; another "was transferred" in 1857; and recently a third has joined his comrades, in the mystical future to which the Buddhist consigns these lordly animals, leaving but one of the old stud, and the new elephant captured about three years ago.

—Fannie Roper Feudge.

#### THE PINNACLES OF THE PALISADES.

"Cool shades and dews are round my way,  
And silence of the early day;  
Mid the dark rocks that watch his bed,  
Glitters the mighty Hudson spread,  
Unrippled, save by drops that fall  
From shrubs that fringe his mountain wall."

Thus sings Bryant, in the early morning of a Sunday, standing in imagination, doubtless, upon the top of one of the Palisades, for the poem continues:

"All, save this little nook of land,  
Circled with trees, on which I stand;  
All, save that line of hills which lie  
Suspended in the mimic sky—  
Seems a blue void, above, below,  
Through which the white clouds come and go,  
And from the green world's farthest steep  
I gaze into the airy deep."

The most striking and peculiar feature of the picturesque scenery of the "perfect river," as the Hudson has been called, is the series of precipitous Palisades which extend along its western, or New Jersey shore, for a distance of twenty-five or thirty miles, from the hamlet of Weehawken, opposite the city of New York, northward to the neighborhood of Haverstraw. In its course from the mountains to the sea, the Hudson combines the romance of the Rhine and grandeur of the Danube with the soft beauty of the Elbe. The magnificent panorama of scenery which lines both shores has a deeper interest to the traveler than its mere natural beauty, since it is blended with far-distant Indian traditions, with some of the most remarkable creations of American romance, and with great historical events. This in the past, while the Hudson of to-day is a mighty highway for commerce and travel, covered with great floating palaces and innumerable craft, the sails of which whiten its bosom. Great and beautiful cities overlook its waters, as well as thousands of homes, the abodes of peace and plenty, of art, luxury, and all the refinements of civilization.

"By wooded bluff we steal, by leaning lawn,  
By palace, village, cot; a sweet surprise  
At every turn the vision breaks upon."

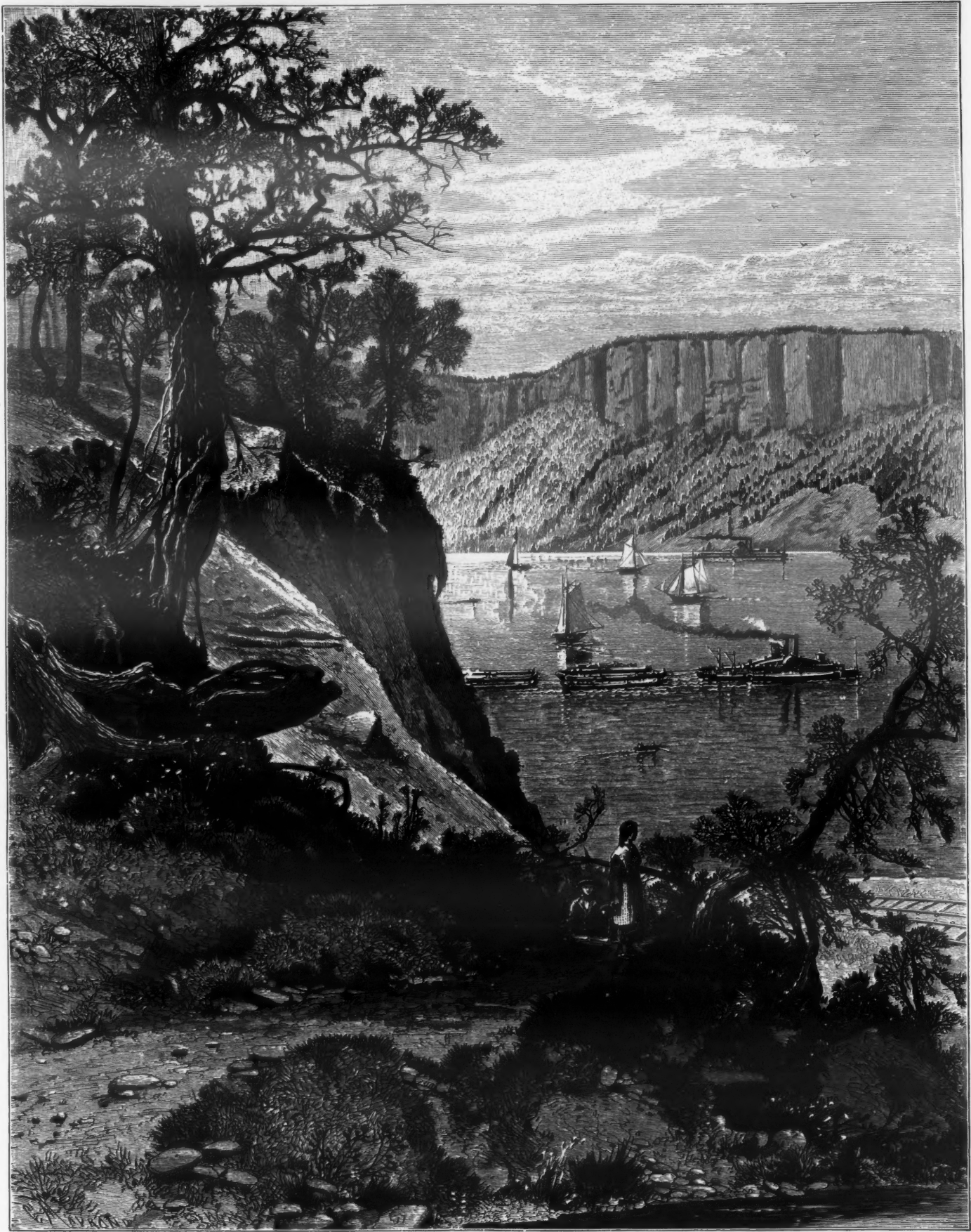
The tourist who sails up the Hudson to-day, wending his way on the wings of the wind through the Highlands, or idly floating within the dark and cool shadows of the Palisades at sunset, may amuse himself by calling to memory the little *Half Moon* sailing-vessel in which Hendrick Hudson first skimmed these waters on his way to China, *vid* Albany; or the *Clermont*, the first steam craft launched from the hand of Robert Fulton; or he may think of the days of the red man, when, as the Shatemuck, this now busy river rolled through

"The forest primeval, where murmuring pines and the hemlocks,  
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,  
Stood like Druids of old."

On the banks of this river occurred many of the thrilling episodes of the Revolution—Arnold's treachery, Andre's melancholy death, and Burgoyne's surrender.

Mr. J. D. Woodward, in his three illustrations of the Palisades, has cleverly shown their peculiarities.





PALISADES, FROM BELOW HASTINGS. — J. D. WOODWARD.

In the full-page picture some of the pinnacles are represented, a feature new to the eyes of most of those who have only seen these stupendous rocks from the river, where their outline appears tolerably even. It is only when we climb to the top of these great columns, or approach them from the west, as the artist did, that we observe how jagged and uneven their rocky heads really are. The view from this great elevation is extensive and almost sublime, embracing the lower Hudson, the bay of New York, and the villages upon the eastern shore of the river, such as Yonkers, Hastings, Sing-Sing, and others.

From their fancied resemblance to a barrier made of posts set in the ground, these cliffs of vertical columns of trap-rock have been called Palisades. At some remote period in the history of the world, this great dike was forced up through the red sandstone formation, some of the strata of which can be seen

at the base of the cliffs. The long action of the elements upon these rocks has caused fragments of them to fall, and these are now used to pave the streets of New York. The cliffs are also quarried in various places for the same purpose. Near Weehawken the great columns of rock rise to a height of 310 feet above the river, and at the State line between New Jersey and New York a height of 510 feet is attained. At a point near Haverstraw, just below the Highlands, the Palisades curve back from the river toward the northwest and west, presenting an escapement which in some places is 800 feet high. This same ridge of rocks may be traced below Hoboken, running south, and forming the high land on which Hudson City stands, west of Jersey City. Passengers over the Erie Railway go through a portion of the Palisades in the tunnel which pierces the rocks between Jersey City and the great plain of the New-

ark meadows to the west. At Bergen Point the Palisades disappear, to reappear again on Staten Island, where they form a smooth ridge covered with soil. There are many little sheltered nooks at the feet of the Palisades, with here and there an isolated cottage, a charming valley, a steamboat landing, or summer hotel. From the top of the cliffs the ground gradually descends in a gently undulating slope to the banks of the Hackensack River, five miles away. Deep forests of trees of large growth crown the rocks in many places. Seen from the river, high in mid-air, they dwindle into petty shrubs. At one point, near the upper end of Manhattan Island, a great hotel with steep roofs, towers and piazzas, has been placed close to the edge of the top of the Palisades, which overlooks the great river below, and a vast stretch of city, land, and water to the east, including Long Island Sound.





THE NAUGHTY GIRL.—AFTER THE ORIGINAL OF BOUGEREAU.

Among the best places on the eastern shore of the Hudson River for obtaining fine views of the Palisades, are Riverdale, Yonkers, Sing-Sing, Hastings, and the upper end of Manhattan Island. Hastings, twenty miles from New York, was selected by Mr. Woodward as a point from which a characteristic view could be sketched. The massive gray rocks lift up their heads in the west, like an eternal wall, far grander than any thing ever attempted by man, even in ancient Egypt or far Cathay. At a bend in the river, the Palisades stand out like a bold promontory, or cliff, at sea, forming a striking object for the artist as well as a bold feature in the landscape. One of these rocky points is shown in the illustration, with trees at the foot of the cliff and white sails passing by.

A ramble along the back of the Palisades will well repay those who are fond of grand landscape views; who love to look down upon a great river, teeming

with life, or take a bird's-eye view of a mighty city of a million of inhabitants. Far to the east, Long Island Sound can be seen, a great, blue, inland sea; while, toward the northeast, the thriving villages and peaceful farms of Westchester, Putnam, and Dutchess counties are spread out like a map. At Weehawken may be found a small spot closed in by rocks and open to observation from the river only, where, in the year 1804, General Hamilton was killed in a duel by Colonel Aaron Burr. General Hamilton was buried on the spot, and a neat marble obelisk once marked the place; but both it and his remains have since been removed to the cemetery of Trinity Church. The ground is a short distance above the point where a steep bank approaches the shore of the river. As will be remembered, the quarrel was a political one, and after the duel Burr was regarded by the indignant public as little better than a cold-blooded murderer, since he took deadly aim, notwith-

standing Hamilton's avowed purpose, which he carried out, of not returning his fire. One of the most interesting and Swiss-like villages to be found in the Palisades is Fort Lee, which stands near the ruins of old Fort Lee, connected with which are many interesting memories of the days of the Revolution.

#### THE NAUGHTY GIRL.

THIS excellent picture, which tells its simple story in a plain and pleasing manner, is a faithful copy, by John S. Davis, of Bougereau's "*Mauvaise Ecolière*." William Adolphe Bougereau, an artist of world-wide celebrity, was born at Rochelle. He took the "*Prix de Rome*" in 1850; the second medal in 1855; the first-class medal in 1857. He was elected to the "*Legion of Honor*" in 1859; received a third-class medal in 1867. He also exhibited pictures at the Universal Exhibition.



## PINK AND PURPLE.

Pink and purple, arching over  
Meadow-slopes thick set with clover  
Pink and purple and blue together—  
O the perfect summer weather!  
O the corn, with green leaves gleaming!  
O the roses deep in dreaming!  
Wherefore, darling, dost thou tarry?  
Come and bind the spell of fairy!

Pink and purple slowly fading,  
Fainter colors intershading—  
Hid in dusk, the insect chorus,  
Tells that night is falling o'er us.  
In the east a star is burning—  
Signal, dear, of thy returning;  
And the baby's eyes are weary:  
Come and bind the spell of fairy!

Pink and purple gone together,  
O the perfect summer weather!  
O the dark blue, arching over  
Meadow slopes, thick set with clover!  
O the ceaseless insect-droning!  
O the tender baby-crooning!  
And the love that does not tarry,  
Making all a world of fairy.

—M. F. Butts.

## LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN.

"O DEAR! how disagreeable it is to be ugly!" said a little boy five years old, as, standing upon a chair in front of the mirror, and holding a brush in his hand, he took from a pot of pomade near him, enormous quantities, which he put upon his crimped black locks, and tried with the brush to make them lie smooth and to give them a lustre. "O dear! it is very disagreeable to be ugly—especially when one is the eldest son of M. Beethoven, the first tenor of the Electoral Chapel of Cologne! I suppose I shall have to sing one day in the chapel, and then I shall hear all the ladies exclaim, 'Isn't he ugly?' There! I have used quantities of pomade, but this hair will never lie smooth like that of Charles and John—never. Ah! how lucky my brothers are to be blonde and pretty! Wretched mop of crimped hair! Ah, see how it rises up—obstinate! It is very fatiguing to be ugly! If I was pretty I should have been ready an hour ago, and I bet—O, I bet that after all the trouble I have taken Leonore will not be pleased. Because she is two years older than I am—because she is seven years old, she thinks she is permitted to do anything! But I know very well what I shall do—I will beat her so much—so much—and so much—that she will finish by loving me!"

"A pretty way to make oneself loved, Louis!" said a young woman, appearing at the door of the room.

"Well, mamma, it is as good a way as any other," replied Louis, brushing away furiously at his hair.

"And who are you proposing to treat in this courteous manner?"

"Leonore," said Louis.

"Leonore? The niece of the Elector of Cologne?" asked the young woman.

"Herself," answered the little boy.

"And why, my child?"

"Because she doesn't love me," replied the little one without hesitation.

"And you hope to make her love you—"

"By beating her? Yes!" said Louis, finishing the sentence for his mother.

"Ta-ta-ta! But what are you doing perched upon that chair?" asked his mother, seeing for the first time the occupation of her son.

"I am only making myself beautiful," said Ludwig, without moving.

At these words, two children, one of three and the other four years of age, who had just come into the room, laughed out so loud and merrily that the tears came to the eyes of Louis.

"Laugh, laugh," cried he angrily, "laugh, John, and you too, Charles, laugh away! Is it my fault if I am ugly, brown and crimped-headed? If I am not white and red and blonde like you, is it my fault?"

"No, my poor Louis," said the young mother, who reproached herself for laughing, and wished by a sweet caress to efface the unhappy impression produced upon her son. "No; besides, you are not ugly when you are good."

"Yes, I am ugly; I know it!" said Louis, crying. "It is that that makes me cry, and when I cry I am uglier still. I know it—nobody loves me."

At this moment M. Beethoven appeared at the door of the room—but the better to understand what follows, it is necessary to draw the mental and physical portrait of this tenor, also that of his wife.

M. Beethoven was a man about fifty years of age, generally called a handsome man; that is to say, he was large and strong, full face, fine color, round, frank eyes, an insignificant nose, large mouth, beautiful teeth, dimpled chin, of a cold aspect and hard expression. Like all Germans, he spoke seldom. Generally, one listens with attention to those who are endowed with this discreet reserve. A man who is not prodigal of his words, who speaks only after reflection, does not ordinarily permit a reply—seldom provokes one.

To a man of this kind, silent and arbitrary, such a wife as he had was a necessity: good, simple, naturally submissive, so much so that since their union (they had already been married seven years) a cross word had never been exchanged in their household. This example had influenced the children. Accustomed as they were to see their mother obey a sign from her husband, the idea never occurred to them that they could do differently. When the head of the family had spoken, all was said; as to the rest, Madame Beethoven being much younger than her husband, at this time only twenty-five years old, her submission could pass for deference.

"Is every one ready?" said M. Beethoven, appearing at the door.

"Yes, my friend!" "Yes, papa!" answered the mother and children at the same time, with the constrained movement which showed the reverence inspired by the head of the family.

"Everybody?" he asked again.

"Everybody." This time the mother only answered.

"Then let us be going," said M. Beethoven, offering his arm to his wife.

The evening was magnificent, and though the autumn was drawing to a close, the cold had not yet been felt. The house of M. Beethoven was situated on the left bank of that majestic river, the Rhine, which traverses so many villages and cities, and in whose waters are reflected so many mountains and chateaux.

Strolling along its flowery and perfumed banks, they reached the residence of the Archduke Maximilian of Austria, to whom the Electoral crown had descended.

It was to this residence that the little party were going. John and Charles, holding each other's hands, walked in front; M. and Madame Beethoven came next; Louis followed afar off. There was no conversation for a long time, until the young mother tried, with the charming timidity of a submissive wife, to enter into conversation with her husband.

"See, my friend, how happy John and Charles are," she said, directing his attention to the two younger children, gamboling and playing in front of them.

"Yes," replied M. Beethoven, without showing any emotion.

"They are so happy to go to see Mademoiselle Simrok, and to eat cream, and to have a run in the beautiful park of the Elector. Mademoiselle Simrok has a good place of it—do you know that?"

"Very good," said M. Beethoven in the same tone.

"It is true that for a poor old lady—because Dorothee is old and poor," resolutely continued Madame Beethoven, "to live in a beautiful chateau, and to have plenty of servants at one's command without having to pay them; in fact, to be the housekeeper of the Elector is very fine, is it not?"

"Yes," answered always the tenor of the chapel.

"Where is Ludwig?" asked Madame Beethoven, looking around uneasily.

"Louis?" asked John. "He stopped under a tree to talk to the birds."

"Louis!" called M. Beethoven.

At this loud, strong voice, which was heard at a long distance, Louis suddenly showed his brown, crimped head above a cluster of bulrushes on the bank of the river, and at sight of his parents, hid something that he held in his hand behind him.

"Where have you been, Louis?" said his mother in a chiding tone.

"There, mamma!" said Louis, turning red and pointing to the river.

"And what were you doing there?" asked his mother.

"Nothing; that is, I was only listening—"

"What?" interrupted M. Beethoven, who liked neither long conversations nor tardy answers.

"I was listening to the noise of the river," said Louis, with lowered eyes.

"Is there nothing more interesting to be seen than

the noise of the river, that you hide yourself in the bulrushes and trouble your father and me? Walk in front with your brothers."

Louis obeyed; but in obeying, the hand which was held behind him was passed quickly in front, and hidden in his vest.

"Will you tell me, Louis, what you found amusing in the noise of the river?" asked Madame Beethoven, wishing to continue to converse with her children. "Answer, Louis, when I speak to you."

"It makes music," replied Louis, confusedly.

"That child finds music everywhere," said Madame Beethoven.

"Do you want to run with us, Louis?" asked Charles, in his little piping voice.

"No, I have no wish to run," said Louis, brusquely. "What a savage child," remarked Madame Beethoven to her husband.

"Yes," said the chapel master, striking a pebble before him with his cane.

The family had then arrived at the gate of the chateau. There came to meet them an elderly lady of remarkable presence and agreeable figure. She held by the hand a little girl of seven years of age. An elderly gentleman accompanied them.

"Good morning, M. and Madame Beethoven," said the housekeeper, saluting them graciously. "You have brought all the children with you! That is charming. Good morning, Ludwig; good morning, Charles; good morning, John. Go and play with Leonore, my loves, go. Here is my brother, who has left his music-store to take luncheon with us."

At these words the gentleman who accompanied Mademoiselle Dorothee advanced to salute them. "Good morning, M. Simrok," said M. Beethoven to him, offering his hand cordially. "I am charmed to find you with your sister."

"I wished to compliment you, M. Beethoven," said M. Simrok, after having respectfully taken off his hat to the lady, "upon the admirable manner you sang in church last Sunday. *Apropos*, tell me, whose was the voice in the children's chorus, so correct and so pure, which led all the others?"

"It was that of my eldest son, Ludwig," replied M. Beethoven.

"You have in him a very remarkable child," said M. Simrok.

"He is only good for that," sadly answered M. Beethoven.

"How? Only for that?"

"Yes, my dear editor," replied the tenor of the chapel; "except for singing and the piano, he is good for nothing."

"In my opinion that is sufficient," remarked the music-merchant.

"Yes, certainly, my dear M. Simrok, if with that the child would study; if he were a little sociable even. But no—see he is always apart, morose, gloomy, preferring solitude to the society even of his mother, of his brothers—"

"Hold, hold," interrupted M. Simrok, making him a sign to keep silence. "Look at your savage!" and the music-merchant pointed with his finger, directing M. and Madame Beethoven's attention to their eldest son, who, drawing from his vest a bouquet of myosotis, offered it with a bashful air to the little Leonore, and blushed at seeing it accepted.

Several days after, M. Simrok having published some new music, and wishing to pay respect to M. Beethoven, started to the little house which he occupied on the banks of the Rhine.

In approaching the home of the tenor of the chapel, the music-merchant became uneasy. He had not informed them of his intended visit—they might be out. The weather was propitious for that, and it would be disagreeable after a long walk to find nothing but closed doors on arriving; that is to say, no one to receive him and offer him a glass of Rhine wine.

My veracity as a historian compels me to say that M. Simrok was no enemy to any kind of wine, and some people who pretended to hold him in very great respect, said he had, above all, a very decided taste for the kind mentioned above.

When he discovered the house, situated on the verge of a little hill, his fear was changed to certainty. All the windows were closed, the doors also, and neither in the garden nor anywhere around could he see any signs of occupants. However, when he was within calling distance, he heard the sound of a piano, ably touched; this reassured him, and he knocked loudly at the door.

"Is M. Beethoven at home?" he asked of the one



and only servant of this modest household, when she opened the door.

"No, monsieur."

"Is madame?" he asked again.

"Neither, M. Simrok," answered the servant, "and I venture to say that monsieur and madame will be very sorry not to have been at home to receive M. Simrok, who comes so seldom. Yes, indeed, they will be very sorry," added the servant, profiting by the silence of the music-merchant to deliver herself of her loquacity. "They will not return before evening."

While the servant was speaking, M. Simrok had been distracted by the sound of the piano from the painful reflection of having to return home without refreshments. His proximity to the piano permitted him to appreciate the ability with which it was touched.

"Every one hasn't gone out," he finally ventured to say to the servant. "I hear music."

"Ah! that is little Ludwig, up there. He doesn't go out often, he is such a queer child."

"Wicked?" asked M. Simrok.

"O no, not exactly wicked," replied the old woman, "notwithstanding that every one is ready enough to call him so. He can not be said to be wicked, he wouldn't hurt a fly; but he is such a character—a character that is seldom seen! A kind of a desolate character; because he is always sad, melancholy, gloomy—at least when he is not at his piano, as he is now—then, O then he is happy! You understand? He will be there till the middle of the night, without stirring, without asking for a light even."

M. Simrok listened no longer to the servant; he was captivated by the charms of the music which reached him, sometimes melodious and tender, sometimes rich and passionate. The piece the child played was of an extraordinary richness.

"Can I listen a little nearer to the child?" he asked the woman.

"Certainly; yes, monsieur. Be kind enough to come in," and the old woman conducted him into the interior of the house and led him up a staircase, straight and sombre, into a little attic.

Holding his breath for fear of losing a single note of this strange and admirable music, M. Simrok remained entranced at the sill of this paltry place, and looked around him. The light, which came from above, fell directly in the interior, and showed all the barrenness of the apartment. Three things composed the furniture, a violin, a piano and a straw chair. The violin was suspended against the wall, and the child upon his knees on the chair in order to raise himself high enough to reach the keys of the piano, seemed inspired. When he had finished his *morceau*, he cried, believing himself alone, and with a gayety that the music-merchant had never known in him, "Now, my violin!" but, as he approached to where the instrument was suspended, he perceived M. Simrok, and stopped, blushing.

"You have enchanted me, my little one; I must embrace you," said M. Simrok, embracing him cordially. "How is it that you have not gone out with your parents?"

"It is because I am doing penance in disgrace," replied Ludwig with great *naïveté*.

"What have you done so bad, my child?"

"Every thing, monsieur."

M. Simrok smiled. "Every thing? That is a great deal," said he.

"It is true, however, monsieur," said Ludwig sadly.

"I can learn nothing, study nothing—"

"Music?"

"O, I do not study that; I only play—"

"And you play admirably, my child, and I wish to hear you more; but," he added, "I am a little fatigued, and to hear better—"

"You must have a glass—" said Ludwig, smiling.

"A chair," said M. Simrok.

"And," added Ludwig, "a small glass of Rhine wine." Then calling the servant, he said to her, "Sophy, bring a waiter, a plate of biscuits, a blue glass, and the sealed bottle that papa puts away every day after his dinner."

"O, two glasses," added M. Simrok, his large figure expanding itself at ease. "You will not refuse to keep me company, my child?"

"Two glasses," cried Ludwig, by way of answer.

Sophy was not slow in appearing with the articles demanded, and finding no table in the mansard, she placed the waiter upon the stove.

M. Simrok seated himself upon the only chair in the place. Ludwig ran and found a wooden box,

which he placed in front of the piano, and upon which he mounted; then, turning half-way to the merchant, he said, "Drink, make yourself comfortable, and tell me what you wish me to play. Something from Hadyn? or from Mozart?"

"From both," said M. Simrok, pouring some wine into the two glasses and commencing to drink. One hour passed thus, during which the little Beethoven, with a charming complaisance, played alternately from memory, *morceaux* from both the artists named. M. Simrok had not waited the hour before emptying the bottle to the last drop.

"Admirable!" said he, when there was no more wine except that in Ludwig's glass. "I love Hadyn, I love Mozart better; however, I believe I like still better the piece you were playing when I came in."

M. Beethoven, who had in the mean time returned, appeared at this moment, and advancing quickly to his old friend, he excused himself for not having been at home to receive him.

"But, instead of your society and that of madame," said M. Simrok, inclining himself to Mme. Beethoven, who had followed her husband, "this little one has received me very well. He plays well—he drinks well. He will be heard of one day, M. Beethoven!"

"How? I drink well?" cried Ludwig, smiling and showing his glass, which he had not touched.

"Thanks, my child," said the music-merchant, taking the glass. "To your health, madame," added he, swallowing it at a mouthful. Then, turning to M. Beethoven, the father, he said, "My friend, your child is wonderful; it is a shame not to cultivate this precocious talent. To-morrow I will speak to Van der Eden, the organist of the court. He is a good pianist—it is I who tell you so, you can take my word for it—and he must give lessons to the little one."

"You know I am not rich, Simrok," observed Beethoven.

"The happiness of having a pupil such as your son will pay him for all his care, and more than that. So," said M. Simrok, "send the child to-morrow to Van der Eden. I make it my business." And the music-merchant, excited as much by the music of Ludwig as by the bottle of Rhine wine that he had drunk, withdrew, repeating, "This little one plays well—drinks well. He will one day be heard of."

Six years after this little scene, one morning, M. Beethoven entered his wife's room. His sad, disturbed air struck her with astonishment.

"What troubles you?" she asked him.

"Our oldest son, Ludwig, causes me really a great deal of anxiety," said he, seating himself near his wife's embroidery-frame. "I do not know what the child does or what he does not do; what he loves or what he does not love. Always alone, seeking the wildest places, the most in harmony with his gloomy character, or up-stairs there, shut up in his little room alone with his piano. I ought to think that he studies, but each time that I have asked him to play something for me, he has answered me 'I do not know any thing well enough yet, my father,' as much as to say, 'I know nothing.' But it is not that that troubles me," added the tenor, interrupting himself to take a pinch of snuff. "You know that according to M. Simrok's advice, I confided Ludwig to the care of Van der Eden, who took charge of him for nothing. Van der Eden is dead. I went to withdraw Ludwig, when the Elector sent word to me that Neefe, successor of Van der Eden, would take charge of the child at the expense of his Excellency. I accepted. But only to-day his Excellency has taken a notion to hear the child, and I have just received an order to go to the chateau with him this evening. Ludwig, who has never wished to play, even before me, will be obliged to play before the whole court. Judge of my embarrassment, and imagine my disappointment if he plays badly."

"Have you informed Ludwig?" asked his wife.

"Not yet; I will go and call him."

M. Beethoven then called his son so loudly that the child, who was walking in the garden, hurried to present himself before his father and his mother.

"The Elector wishes to hear you play," said his father to him; "and judge for himself if you have profited by the lessons he has given you and for which he pays."

"Very well, father," said Ludwig simply.

"But it is this evening that your presentation will take place, at the palace of the prince, in the presence of the whole court."

"Very well, father," still answered little Beethoven, without any emotion.

"Very well? Very well?" cried M. Beethoven impatiently. "You say that as if it were the most natural thing in the world to play before two hundred persons at least. Do you know, for this occasion, some brilliant little *morceau*? Do you not deceive yourself?"

"I do not know, my father," said Ludwig.

"This child will make me die of chagrin," said M. Beethoven, who, for the first time in his life, yielded, in the presence of his wife, to the uneasy apprehensions which the future of his son caused him.

Ludwig lowered his head in silence, and seeing that his father spoke no more to him, retired from his presence.

The evening came. M. Beethoven, having put on his best suit, presented himself, followed by his son, at the house of the Elector of Cologne: the father trembling with apprehension; the son, usually so timid, just the reverse now, seemed to wish to inspire his father with his own courage. The prince received them both with the greatest kindness; then, showing Ludwig a very beautiful piano, disposed in full view of all the assistants, he told him to place himself at it, and asked him what piece he wished to play.

"Whatever your Excellency yourself chooses," said Neefe, answering. "My pupil executes equally well the studies of Jean Sebastian Bach and the symphonies of Handel." During this colloquy, Ludwig, obedient to the orders of the prince, approached the piano boldly. Suddenly he turned pale and drew back, as he perceived, standing in front of the instrument, a group of young ladies, in the midst of whom, one, the tallest, the most beautiful, looked at him with a mocking, imperious air. He recognized in this beautiful young girl of thirteen years of age, the little Leonore, the companion of his childhood, the pupil of Mademoiselle Dorotheé.

"It is the little Beethoven," said Leonore to her young friends, in a low tone, but loud enough to be heard by Ludwig, whose hearing at this time was exquisitely delicate. "It is the little savage of Bonn, as we always used to call him; he has grown, but certainly he hasn't improved any in looks!"

It is necessary to be really ugly and excessively impassionate to comprehend all the pain and mortification that these hard words gave the poor little artist. A cloud came before his eyes, the blood rushed violently to his heart and remained there; he felt a mortal coldness; he reeled and was obliged to hold to the piano to keep from falling. A "Come, Ludwig, courage!" pronounced by his master Neefe, recalled him to the reality of having to play before the prince.

Seating himself at the piano, he looked around for his father, and seeing him so pale, so troubled, so different from his usual self, the young child comprehended that if he lost courage his father would be the one who would suffer the most. This pious thought restored his energies; and as if to defy the person who caused his emotion, and his emotion itself, he placed his fingers on the keyboard and looked at Leonore. She was still there: the beautiful, proud young girl, the mocking smile, the superb presence. He took two glances—the first a reproachful look impressed with the profoundest sadness; the second, his black eyes expressing defiance, and the consciousness of merit.

"Silly creature who despises me," it seemed to say, "because I am born of a class inferior to yours. Listen and be silent. Talent reconciles all distances!"

Leonore could not stand the weight of this profound gaze. She lowered her head and listened.

At the same time, without preluding, and disdaining the usual formalities that artists indulge in to secure silence from their audiences, Ludwig struck a simple chord upon the piano, and without opening the music placed before him, he played a piece in B flat in measures so grave, so large, of which the harmony was so impressed with the profound melancholy, the austere sadness that formed the base of this strange character, that the souls of all the assistants seemed, so to say, suspended from the fingers of this young and astonishing prodigy. When he ceased playing, the relieved respiration of all present testified to the intentness with which he had been listened to.

"Perfect, perfect!" said the Elector, breaking the silence first. "It is admirably executed! What do you say, M. Junker?" continued the prince, turning to a gentleman sitting at his left, who was a learned composer.





THE SHADY LANE. — PETER MORAN.

"I am of the same opinion as your Excellency," replied the composer, in a loud tone of voice; "only it is a pity that this child plays from memory."

These last words were heard by Ludwig, and made him smile.

"From whom was the *morceau* you have just played?" asked M. Neefe.

"From myself," said Louis.

"From yourself?" cried M. Junker; "impossible!"

"It is not impossible," said Ludwig's master. "This child exercises himself in composition. I know already two sonatas for the piano, and variations upon a march that certainly would not be disowned by a good many composers. But I declare I never heard this piece."

"When did you compose it?" inquired M. Neefe, addressing his pupil.

"Just now," said Louis, in a tone so natural that every one was convinced except M. Junker.

"It was then improvised?" said he, with incredulity.

"Of course, yes," replied Ludwig, indignant that his veracity should be doubted.

"Can you improvise at once upon any theme given?" asked M. Junker.

"Why not?" simply said the young Beethoven.

"I wish to try, with the permission of his Excellency," said M. Junker, rising and choosing a theme

from the music spread upon the piano, and putting it before the eyes of the young artist. "Try that," said he, brusquely.

Ludwig placed himself at the piano, and, without hesitating, with the most admirable facility he played at first the theme, then improvised without effort, and having an air of merely trifling, the strangest and most delicious variations.

"I proclaim our master!" said M. Junker, with the greatest enthusiasm, when the child had finished.

Then, happy and proud of the praises of the prince; of a beautiful present which he received from him; of the compliments of the assistants; above all, of the tenderness that he read in his father's face, Ludwig sought in the crowd the face of the young Leonore. The mockery and haughty pride had disappeared and given place to a sweet and timid embarrassment.

"Monsieur Ludwig," she said to him, detaching a bouquet from her belt, "will you accept this heath from my garden in exchange for the myosotis you gave me six years ago?"

She had called him monsieur — she, who in speaking of him had always designated him as "the little Beethoven." How had one half hour dignified this artist child in the eyes of this proud, rich young lady? Oh! the power of talent, the magic of art! It is not then a vain dream! Ludwig took the bouquet, and

he who had only looks of defiance for this girl when she was insolent and proud, found them no longer when she in her turn lowered her large blue eyes before his. He went to hide his emotion and his happiness in his father's arms.

"My child," said his father, embracing him, "I knew you only this evening. This evening recompenses me for all my anxieties, and assures me of your future. Beethoven," added he, giving him for the first time the name as oldest of the family, "you will be one day the support of your mother and of your brothers. Never forget it, my son."

The prince did not limit his favors to the young Beethoven. Knowing that he showed a taste for the organ, he assured to him the reversion of the duties of Neefe, the title of organist to the court, and sent him to pass some years in Vienna to pursue his theoretical studies under the direction of the celebrated Haydn. Haydn received the young man with kindness, but that was all. He did not comprehend at once the genius inclosed in this young soul.

Mozart was more clairvoyant. In 1790 Beethoven having made another journey to Vienna expressly to see and hear the author of "Don Juan," the latter asked him to play something in his usual style and taste. Beethoven improvised what he played, and as Mozart showed neither pleasure nor surprise, contenting himself with only saying "That is well exe-





THE SUNNY SLOPE. — PETER MORAN.

cuted," Beethoven asked him what he thought of the piece.

"I do not know the composer of it," said he.

"The composer! I am. I improvised it. If you doubt it, give me a theme and you shall see."

Mozart observed casually amongst the music a motive of chromatic figures, which taken the wrong way contained a counter-motive. Without being caught in this snare, Beethoven sought the hidden meaning, divined it and interpreted it for three-quarters of an hour, with so much originality, grace and true talent, that Mozart, astonished, captivated, held his breath for fear of losing a single note, and finally went upon tip-toe into the next room, where his friends were assembled, and said to them: "Take heed of this young man; some day you will hear of him."

Beethoven had a friend of his own age, named Wolff, who became his rival. But it was a rivalry full of sweetness and candor. Wolff, *protégé* of Baron Wensloer, saw his young friend supported by Prince Lichnowski, and every day there were charming musical combats in the villa of the baron. Beethoven's music was impetuous, bold, mysterious, full of contrast. That of his rival was remarked for its harmony, always equal, sweet, recalling the method of Mozart. The Elector Maximilian died, and Beethoven, being without a protector, found in the exercise of his talent only sufficient resources for the support of himself and his brothers. He established himself

altogether at Vienna, where Calieri engaged him to work for the theatre. The opera of "Leonore," produced at Prague under the name of "Fidelio," obtained at first only a moderate success. But the year following Beethoven received at Vienna a complete requital. About this time, in the space of two years, he composed the oratorio of the "Mount of Olives," the "Symphonies Héroïques et Pastorales," and several concertos for the piano, that he played at concerts given for his benefit.

But, alas! it was in the midst of these prodigious works, and of his most brilliant success in the best years of his life, at twenty-eight years of age, that this eminent artist experienced the greatest misfortune that could befall a musician. Each day gave undeniable proofs of the progress of this affliction. Finally, one day, notwithstanding all the resources of art, he heard no more. His ear, so fine, so delicate, transmitted no sound, and he, so sensitive to music, seeing every one admire it and listen to it, remained cold, insensible, dead to all the joys that hearing communicates to the soul. However, he continued to compose; but his greatest works were impressed with this savage and melancholy grandeur that his desolated soul heard within itself. His fortune not being equal to his fame, Beethoven was obliged to accept the place of *maitre de chapelle*, at Cassel, offered to him by the King of Westphalia. There the Archduke Rodolphe, since Cardinal Archbishop of Olmutz, and the princes Labhrcortz and Linslynlm,

assured to him four thousand florins income upon condition that he would not leave the Austrian territory. Beethoven resided then in the city where he had acquired his glory and written his masterpieces.

But the praises of all Europe sought him in his retreat. Paris sent him a medal struck in his honor; London, a piano, upon which were inscribed the names of the donors—Clementi, Cramer, Moscheles, etc. What more sad, more touching than the adieux of this great and unhappy artist to his brother-artists. Only thirty-four years old, deafness had made him so savage and timid that every one misrepresented his moral sufferings and accused him of hatred to the human species—he, whose heart was all love!

Read these few lines from his will, dated 1802:

"Oh men! who think me misanthropic and untractable, and who represent me as such, how you wrong me! You are ignorant of the reasons which cause me to appear thus. From my childhood my heart has been filled with feelings of benevolence, and I have sought to carry them into beautiful actions. But only think! For six years I have suffered from a terrible malady which ignorant physicians have aggravated, luring me on from time to time with hopes of amelioration, and finally leaving me with the prospect of being incurable." \* \* \* "It was impossible for me to say to men 'Speak louder! Cry out! I am deaf.' How could I acknowledge the weakness of a sense, which, above all others, in me ought to have been more acute?"

Beethoven lived thus, always suffering, to March 26, 1827, when he succumbed to the double weight of disease and the sorrow caused by it. He was then fifty-seven years old.

—Eugenie Fod.



## THE DEATH OF PAN.

BORNE on the wind there came a bitter wailing  
From the rough islands and the Grecian shore,  
A cry to them far off in comfort sailing,  
"Great Pan is dead, is dead for evermore!"

And then the leaves took up the lamentation,  
And whirled wild fingers to the tossing sky;  
And then the waves moaned in with iteration  
Of that sad calling from the cliffs on high;

Then sang the bird with pitiful petition,  
To that dead ear no more attuned to song;  
Then all the creatures felt a premonition  
Of doom that threatened, nor would tarry long.

And Pan was dead, and rustics in the meadow  
Heard the strange cry go sighing through the air,  
And cowered, affrighted at the sudden shadow  
Cast by the dread abiding everywhere.

And thou and I, good friend, when winter passes  
So swiftly by us, slaying as he goes,  
Hear the same sighing from the smitten grasses,  
Perceive the creatures telling us their woes.

For Pan is dead—if this be all the story:  
And earth is dark—if this be all its cheer:  
Yet is there in the dying such a glory  
As giveth hope of other glory near.

And by and by, beside the murmuring river,  
The reed shall rustle and blue-bird sing,  
And by and by the starting leaves shall quiver  
Under the breath of an awaking spring.

—Samuel W. Duffield.

## MY ONLY GHOST.

I HAD from childhood that low order of courage which consists in not knowing what fear is. It was an imperfection of nature which was unnecessarily lauded at the expense of my brothers and sisters, who, having a more poetical and more highly strung organization than myself, did know what fear was. But I laughed aloud when my dear friend Mrs. Morton asked me if I should be afraid to live in her beautiful house alone during the summer months. Alone so far as companionship went, but with a man and his wife to cook and wash for me, to shut up and open and protect the premises. I afraid? Never! So she gave me ample fiduciary powers. She was going to Europe. I, a poor relation, was only too glad to have such a luxurious home. As she took me over the house, I saw her eyes fill with tears as she essayed to open a certain door. I remembered that even into this fortunate life had come the inevitable grief. There was one empty chair, one dead lamb. The eldest daughter had married, had gone abroad for her wedding journey, and had been brought home to be laid in yonder churchyard which we could see from the windows.

Yes, this was Gertrude's room! There was her portrait on the wall. A straight young woman, with a profusion of light hair, blue eyes with a far-off look, a melancholy beauty, tender and twilight, that face which the French call *prédestinée*. She was dressed in diaphanous white, with here and there a blue ribbon, and her beautiful hands were clasped on what seemed to be a balcony.

Around the room were costly trifles, the spoils of an European trip. The room was fitted up queerly with handsome fire-arms, suits of armor, boxing-gloves, fencing-foils. I looked to Mrs. Morton for an explanation.

"This suite of rooms," she explained, "I have given up to my son-in-law, Mr. Ayscough. During your residence here you will have an occasional visit from him. He comes and goes as he pleases. In the adjoining rooms are poor Gertrude's trunks, which neither he nor I have ever thoroughly unpacked. We have never had the courage."

She led me through the spacious anteroom, linen-closet, and so on, to a large bedroom, where were many trunks. Some dresses hung in the closets, some bottles of perfumes, dressing-cases, and little ladylike things strewed the bureau and tables. A lady might have just stepped from her toilet; it seemed occupied and home-like. It was evident that the young husband found a sad pleasure in thus surrounding himself with the material of grief. Poor Mrs. Morton looked about her through her tears. We retraced our steps, but in passing again through the linen-closet, she turned, and, opening a little door, disclosed a garret staircase.

"Come and see where my children used to go up and down," said she. "These were my rooms in the

days of young motherhood. Come and see my old nursery."

So we mounted upward into the large, spacious room, which deserved a better name than garret, and she led me to a comfortable apartment whose windows commanded a splendid view of the surrounding city. I could not help saying what I have so often felt: "Why are not the disused houses of the rich the summer homes of the poor?" Mrs. Morton did not seem to feel that she was called on to put these comfortable apartments to any such use. She only called my attention to a gigantic wisteria vine which coiled round the window, and which was now in its full blossom, and reached, like "Jack's beanstalk," from the earth, in ever-ascending, ambitious tendrils, to the chimneys of this, the fourth story. We visited the other rooms, which had the plain, decent furniture of an opulent and sensible household. There they were, empty and deserted, but clean and good. We closed the blinds and windows, came down, and retracing our steps through Gertrude's rooms, we locked the doors behind us. I took possession of the key, to deliver it, when he should arrive, to Mr. Ayscough.

Occasionally, I visited these rooms of his to air them, and to see that no stray mouse or other intruder had violated their quiet loneliness. I was very much attracted by Gertrude's picture. It so happened that I had never seen her; her brief hour of youthful bloom had been spent before I returned, an army officer's widow, from my hard life on the Western frontier. Often, I would stand and look at the picture by the hour,—it fascinated me; then rousing myself from my reverie, I would complete my rounds, and go back to my room.

My life was a very regular one, and not at all unhappy. I rose early, took a bath and a walk, came back to a delicious breakfast carefully prepared for me by Nancy, my cook, housekeeper, and factotum. I dined about five o'clock, and then would wander in the garden; but that getting to be rather disagreeable, I began to take walks around the city, and being of an age and appearance which protected me, I got to prolong these walks into the evening. It was sometimes nine o'clock when Nancy, always a little frightened about me, would let me in, and, giving me a good cup of tea, would remonstrate with me on my lonely wanderings.

On rainy days and evenings, I had the library and pictures to amuse me. Sometimes I would light all the gas and examine the beautiful rooms and pictures by this artificial medium.

After Mrs. Morton had been gone about a month, I had a visit from Mr. Ayscough. He was a pale and interesting young man, very refined and educated, evidently much influenced by his sorrow. He talked incessantly about his wife, and was interested in my admiration of her portrait. He took me in to show me some of the contents of the trunks. To my horror I found that some very valuable jewelry and silver comprised part of that mysterious luggage which had never been unpacked.

"But, Mr. Ayscough," I exclaimed, "you are not going to leave these valuable things here in this empty house, unlocked and strewn about in these trunks, and no one but me to take care of them!"

He laughed a sort of empty laugh, as if he did not care much what became of them, and gave me no sort of satisfaction. From that moment, I do not know why, I began to feel troubled. I had had the comfort of seeing all the family silver carried off to the bank before Mrs. Morton went away, and, if I had thought of them at all, I was convinced that all burglars were aware of that fact and would never trouble me in the least. Now I had a sort of uneasy sensation about Mr. Ayscough's room which I would gladly have had removed—in fact, it became the focus of many uneasy sensations.

Old Nancy had a grievance about this time—she could not open the doors. She would go about her cleaning and sweeping and find here a closet door and there a room door which would not open. She was as deaf as a post, and our discussions about the locks must have re-echoed nearly to the next street. A little dressing-room opening out of my bedroom, and thence into a large empty room, often troubled her, and a closet going out of the library was her great annoyance, when I came to the rescue. I could generally open the doors, but the library closet proved such a nuisance that we concluded to send for a locksmith. He came, found the locks all right, advised a little sweet oil, and told us that doors were very apt to swell in the damp, hot summer.

Mr. Ayscough liked to come to the library and look over the new books which were sent to me to criticise. One day he took up a book on Spiritualism which soon fascinated him. I was extremely sorry when I saw how he fastened to it and began to drink in a sort of dangerous comfort from it. He talked to me about it, and asked me if I had any belief in the communion of spirits.

He found a most robust unbeliever in me. All my habits of thought, my rough experience of life, my anti-nervous temperament were against the theory and practice of Spiritualism. He went away after a few days, and I returned to my lonely life. Perhaps I was not sorry when I heard one day the unusual sound of a voice asking for me at the front door, and went down to see my nephew Richard, a good young fellow from the West, who had come to the city to make his fortune, and who had found me out.

Richard was of course very anxious to see the sights of the great metropolis, so we agreed to make a tour of the amusements. He took me out of an evening, perhaps three times a week. I remember being very much charmed with a pair of acrobats, a man and woman, who were entirely independent of the law of gravitation, and who sailed through the air "on the flying trapeze" with all the *aplomb* and fearlessness of birds. Richard used to laugh at me as I, night after night, declared in favor of the acrobats. The woman was a beautiful creature, and had for me a strange and weird attraction which I could not account for; but it is unnecessary to try to account for some things. I began at this time to believe that I was growing fanciful, a thing which never had occurred before. Once or twice I had sleepless nights. I thought a great deal too much about the jewelry and silver in Mr. Ayscough's rooms, and I began to make my inspections of the house with a sort of anxiety.

One of my great pleasures, particularly of a Sunday evening, had been to have Thomas light all the gas that I might see the works of art to advantage; and it gave me, too, a sense of companionship which I needed. On that evening Nancy and Thomas took their only pleasure. They went out, leaving me entirely alone. The policeman in the square had become somewhat of an acquaintance of mine, and I had provided myself with a whistle by which I could call him if necessary in these periods of utter loneliness. Sometimes, as he walked under the window, I would step to the balcony and speak to him; so long as I heard his tramp, tramp, I was not utterly isolated.

One Sunday evening I was walking up and down, looking particularly at a fine Venetian picture,—a wilderness of color and action—one of those pictures of Leutze, in which a myriad of events are pictured as going on at the same time,—when my eye was irresistibly drawn toward a mirror, and I saw—good God! what did I see?—a tall, straight, female figure, covered with a profusion of light hair. I saw the dead Gertrude, stepped from her grave, the very presentment of the picture I had so often studied. She was leaning on the balusters of the grand staircase, and the image was reflected through two or three mirrors, for I could not see the staircase where I stood. She reached me by reflection!

The horror was so great that I do not know how long I looked. I am sure I saw her start to go, and I know I followed her. I lost sight of both mirror and staircase before I reached the door, but certainly I heard a door shut at the top of the stairs as I reached the lower step. It was the door of Mr. Ayscough's apartment!

The vision was gone, but two senses had been appealed to—sight and hearing. I had sense enough to open the front door, sound my whistle, and then I dropped senseless. When I resumed my consciousness I found myself on the sofa. The private watchman was bending over me and I told him my story. "You're a getting a brain fever, ma'am," said he; "you're alone too much; you must try for a little more company. If you saw a woman goin' up-stairs we'll soon catch her; but I guess she was *here*," tapping his forehead. So, summoning some of his brotherhood, we went to Mr. Ayscough's rooms, which we found locked, every thing undisturbed; the portrait was in its accustomed place. Was it true that she had stepped from it to come and speak to me? Or, had my brain furnished that tall, white figure?

Of course it was the latter, and I did not intend to be conquered by such an illusion. I had an inter-



view with a physician, who told me that these things are not uncommon.

"It is very natural, my dear madame," said the doctor, "that you should have invited this particular appearance, both by your having looked so much at the picture and by your after-conversations with Mr. Ayscough on Spiritualism. You did not know how much lodgment those topics had made in your brain. We never know until the time is past how a thing has taken root. Now, I advise you to leave this house and travel. Alter your course of life, and you will not be troubled by spectres."

After talking with the doctor, I determined to remain; I did not feel that this was a thing to be afraid of. My natural courage came to my relief, and I determined to stay and fight my battle on the same field. Richard returned, heard my ghost story, and was very much amused that his prosaic relative should have had a vision.

I went on with my work, lived my old life, and saw no more ghosts. I knew I could conquer my nerves, if I had any, but I was very glad when Mr. Ayscough came to spend a few days.

The next morning after his arrival, however, he came down to breakfast with a very perplexed countenance. As he walked around my writing-table he took up and examined my letter paper. It was of the plainest kind, foolscap, generally, and as he laid it down he laughed rather nervously and said:

"Mrs. Martin, you must pardon me. I have met with such a singular loss. You remember my writing-table; it had a quantity of note paper with my monogram on it. I was in the habit of writing my notes from here, and last evening I looked for some and found it all gone. Of course it is a very trivial question; but do you know any thing about it?"

Of course my indignation smothered every other sentiment. For a moment, however, I remembered that to Mr. Ayscough I was but a poor old woman whom Mrs. Morton had placed in her house to take care of it, and I was in the habit of using a great deal of paper. So he put the two together and supposed I was guilty of the petty theft.

I answered him as calmly as I could that I knew nothing about his paper.

He came again after spending an hour in his apartments, and asked me to come and examine them with him. After a moment's embarrassment, he began: "I don't know, Mrs. Martin, but I am sure these things are not as I left them. I miss nothing, *but they have been disturbed!* These dresses of Gertrude's, do they not seem to you to have been displaced—I could almost say *worn?*"—he turned pale—"I feel almost as if she herself had been here. There is a certain perfume in the air which she used to use. Could Nancy have been fumbling amongst these things?" We called the housekeeper, who owned to having swept, but who was above all charges as to the wearing of the dresses.

We dismissed poor Nancy, and looked over the valuables. They were intact, not a jewel had been moved; but not my most assiduous eloquence could induce Mr. Ayscough to remove these valuables to a safer place.

As I was looking through the rooms before leaving them, I picked up a little embroidered slipper, of which I could not find the mate, but I showed it to Mr. Ayscough, asking him if it could have fallen out of one of the trunks. He took it and looked at it long and earnestly, and finally said that he thought it had belonged to a costume that Gertrude had worn in some private theatricals in Florence. It did not look to me exactly like the slipper of a lady, but this explanation seemed to give it a place. I took it out of the room with me, absently, and threw it on a shelf of my own closet.

As August, with its dull heat, came on, I yielded to Richard's solicitations and went with him to the seaside for a few days.

When I went back to my lonely charge I had a great fit of literary industry to make up for my long and to me unexpected vacation at the sea-shore. With a sort of sense of duty neglected, I went, one day, my rounds over the house. As I descended to the lower regions I found Nancy quite agitated over a discovery which she had made outside the door. The wisteria vine, which I had noticed as carrying its brave luxuriance from the ground to the chimneys, looked faded and cut, as if some blight had passed over it. It had long passed its blossoming, and was in that dark green, rather dusty condition which city vines assume when the summer has nearly gone. It did look faded and broken. Perhaps some

animal had run across it, and had here and there twisted off a leaf or a tendril.

Going up-stairs, I went to my closet for the key of Mr. Ayscough's room, and as I did so, I noticed that the queer little embroidered slipper was gone! In a moment, all my superstitious terror came back upon me.

As I entered Mr. Ayscough's room, where the portrait hung, I was struck by a sense of something wrong, I know not what. Here was the portrait, and the handsome ornaments of the room were untouched. I looked around for some proof of disorder. I soon found it. The writing-table was opened, paper spread about, and a pen with fresh ink in it was lying on the silver inkstand!

As I stood gazing at this inexplicable thing, a door swung to, and started me from my stupor. I went to the inner room through the linen-closet. As I did so, the door leading to the garret gently moved, as if by an invisible hand. I had never noticed or thought of this door before, nor had I ascended to those garret rooms since Mrs. Morton had taken me thither on the first day of my arrival.

A sense of infinite horror took possession of my soul. I was then in the land of spirits. The dead Gertrude did haunt these rooms consecrated to her. It was her pleasure to come back, write at her table, even arrange the cast-off garments she had worn, to use the perfumes she had loved in life—perhaps to go up into that play-room where she had played as a child, and whither I would follow her.

I was lifted out of myself. I went on, I knew not how, up the garret stairs; nor was I much astonished when I found on the topmost landing the little embroidered, spangled slipper which I had missed from my closet shelf.

I went on toward the pleasant bedroom which was curtained by the wisteria vine, and looked in. There she lay, the golden-haired Gertrude of the picture, sleeping on the bed in the corner. This was no trick of the imagination, for on one foot was the companion slipper to the one I held in my hand. Her breathing was regular and soft, and the color of youth and health was on her cheek and lip. Fear seemed to depart out of me. I approached and took hold of the hand which lay outside the light coverlid. No sooner had I touched it than it grasped mine like a vice. The being, ghost or live woman, started up and held me fast.

"Who and what are you?" said I.

"A woman, like yourself," answered the ghost. "Have pity on me."

"And why are you here—what does it mean?"

The creature looked at me with staring eyes, jumped from the bed and locked the door.

"Do not look frightened," said she; "I like you very much; you and I have lived together all summer. I have heard you talk with Mr. Ayscough. I know I frightened you about the ghost. I found out the first night we came here how much I looked like the picture of the dead lady, and I have copied her dress so that I could use the likeness to the best advantage if ever I should be caught. But I have overslept myself and have been caught at last! It does not much matter. I am sick. I shall not last long. But I must go! It is almost time for rehearsal. Ferdinand is waiting for me. Let me go. How could I grow so careless!"

"Let you go," said I, "out of this house? Never! Burglar—thief—I know not what!"

"No, neither. Come with me to Mr. Ayscough's rooms. Every jewel, every bit of silver is safe. I have taken nothing but some paper, and that is all here. You shall have it, but you must let me go. We are the acrobats you have often been to see. I would hear you arrange in the morning with the nephew to come and see us in the evening. Then I would look for your good, kind eyes and gray hair in the audience, and I would think 'She little knows how intimate we are,' and I would laugh at the thought. Now come and see that I am no thief, and then let me go!"

So she took me down unresistingly to the lower rooms. Possessing herself of the keys, she unlocked the trunks and showed me the sparkling diamonds, the pearls, the silver, which were indeed all there, all intact. She then looked longingly in the other trunks. "Ah!" said she, "I do love luxury! I wish I could take some of these dresses! But no; I am no vulgar thief!"

"How did you get in this house?" at last I found voice to say.

"Oh, we climbed by the wisteria vine. It was

nothing to us; we often live in deserted houses in the summer; a fortress is no stronger than its weakest point. We are acrobats: we go over roofs, up vines, into windows easily; but I must go. You will find a little place under the fence where we have removed a board. After nightfall we could creep in, and then ascend by the vine. We always went out by the front door, when we could, and that was often, for you went for your walks, or were shut up in the dining-room, or library. We know how to watch our chance, both within and without. Never was a city house so sheltered from outside observation as this; you have no neighbors in the intrusive sense. We have unfastened a window or two out of which we could always drop into the garden. You have been a placid and kindly hostess to two people who love *diablerie*; believe me, madame, we could have frightened you out of your wits!"

She darted up-stairs and returned like lightning, went to Mr. Ayscough's table and gathered some more sheets of paper, rolled them rapidly together, took one of my marble hands, and pressing it kindly, skipped out of the door.

Yes, I let her go. I was powerless. Down the front staircase, out of that handsome, respectable house she went, and I had promised to protect it! Two tumblers—acrobats, gymnasts—thieves, murderers, burglars, for aught I knew, had been fellow-inmates with me, and I had let one of them go—a pretty protectress! I can not remember how I did it, but I know I wrote a telegram to Mr. Ayscough and sent Nancy for the doctor. I know I wrote also a letter, for it is before me:

"MR. AYSCOUGH: Yesterday in visiting your apartment I became convinced that some intruder had been meddling with your inkstand. I will confess to you that I have been the victim of superstitious fears, and that I believed once that I saw the ghost of your wife. I was weak enough to feel these fears come over me again. As I searched about the rooms, half in terror, I observed the little garret door swing gently open. I ascended to find a woman sleeping in the nursery bed. So astonishing was the likeness to Gertrude's picture, that I still believed I saw a wraith."

"I took the hand, however, of a live woman. It was the acrobat Rosalind, now performing at Blakeley Theatre. She and her husband having gained access to the garret rooms in the early summer, by means of the wisteria vine, have lived there ever since."

"She has taken nothing. I have let her escape. Forgive me and forgive her. She seems a half-crazed poor creature, and I have a fellow-feeling for her."

"MARY MARTIN."

When the doctor came I was past speech or action. In the delirium of a brain fever I passed the next month.

When Mr. Ayscough arrived he read my letter. The doctor says his fury surpassed all description. I do not wonder! to have nothing to wreak his vengeance upon but a feeble old woman, battling in the idiocy of a brain fever.

Yes; yes! there were the acrobats! They were to be found and punished. They, the miserable disturbers of his holiest solitude, the invaders of his dearest privacy, he would wreak his vengeance on them!

The doctor, sitting by my bedside, heard his infuriated words, and at the same time glanced over the morning paper.

"Stop, Mr. Ayscough," said the old gentleman, "your indignation is just and natural, but the power of revenge is taken from you. A greater than we are has spoken. 'Vengeance is mine,' saith the Lord." And he read the following paragraph:

"HORRIBLE ACCIDENT AT THE BLAKELEY THEATRE.—The well-known German acrobats, Ferdinand and Rosalind, in the performance of their great flying trapeze act, last evening, missed the bar and fell with terrible force to the floor. The woman is dead. The man still lingers, suffering horribly. He was noticed as being unsteady and nervous when he began, and the woman was evidently entreating him to stop; but he would not. She was a beautiful and loving creature, evidently educated above her profession; but the man is said to have been a drunken and sullen brute. This terrible accident of course caused an immense sensation. The large audience immediately dispersed, saddened by this dreadful spectacle. It is to be hoped that it will bring these acrobatic performances into disfavor for a very long time."

I never saw Mr. Ayscough again; but he left me a handsome present. I afterward had reason to believe that he gave the unfortunate acrobat a decent and Christian funeral.

I never attempted again to live alone in a great house, nor do I flatter myself a woman of courage; all that dear illusion was taken out of me by rather an extraordinary experience I grant; but still it has been taken away. True courage would not have fainted away; true courage would have caught the woman, and would not have had a brain fever. Yet, for all she cost me, I have still a great tenderness for my only ghost!

—M. E. W. Sherwood.



## ESOPUS CREEK.

ESOPUS Creek is a small stream which flows into the Hudson River, rising in the village of Esopus, seven miles below Kingston, and ending at Bristol, thirteen miles above. At Kingston, the creek approaches within two miles of Rondout. Poets and artists have long been in love with this beautiful river, a fine glimpse of which Mr. Van Elten shows in his full-page picture. Many years ago, Washington Irving, walking along the road from Kingston to Saugerties, which follows the banks of the Esopus Creek, declared, as he looked across the fields of grain, the pasture lands and the groves in the hollow before him, where the water of the little river glistened from among the trees, to the well-wooded chain of hills beyond, and as his eye fell upon the long blue range of the Catskill Mountains, fifteen

dout Creek is singularly picturesque throughout its whole course. This whole region of country has been the scene of conflicts with Indians and the British. Kingston was settled by the Dutch in 1614, and was thrice destroyed by the Indians. In 1777 it was burned by the English under General Vaughan. The first constitution of New York was framed and adopted in a house still standing in this town.

## MEMORIES OF FIESOLE.

It seems but a brief period, so rapid is the flight of time, that I was in beautiful Florence, walking through its art galleries, rambling in its charming Casino, and admiring the beauties of the Val d'Arno. Powers was then alive, in the height of his renown, and still working on to wreath his brow with fresh laurels of fame. The Boboli Gardens, the Pitti and Uffizi palaces,

which lay at their feet. The object, however, which particularly arrested my attention, was a small, conical hill, north of the city. Lovely at all hours, it is especially so as the evening twilight comes on, and the purple shadows begin to gather about it, and it takes on a deep, ethereal, spiritual beauty, which we almost fancy belongs to heaven rather than to the earth. I need not say that it was Fiesole upon which I was now looking. It was not difficult then and there to record a vow that not many days should pass before a visit is made to this attractive spot.

It is a bright morning in the month of May that I leave my hotel near the great cathedral, to fulfill this vow. Falling in with two gentlemen bent upon the same errand, one of whom, I afterward learned, was the governor of one of the provinces of Sicily, and the other a member of the Italian Parliament from the city of Palermo, we hailed a carriage, and were



THE BREAKFAST.—FROM THE ORIGINAL OF EPP.

miles away, covering the entire horizon, that he was then looking upon the most beautiful view he had ever beheld.

Ulster County is a favorite resort with artists, and all the country around the thriving city of Kingston-on-the-Hudson is familiar to them. The landscape scenery is particularly fine, and the Hurley Road, so called, is filled with quaint beauties, being dotted with old Dutch farm-houses, delightfully weather-beaten and quaint-looking on the exterior, and extremely chilly and damp inside. Hurley is a town of few inhabitants, and most of them are of Dutch descent. The houses are old and picturesque, and an ancient church situated at the end of a sleepy street is especially noticeable. Kingston is an attractive city, and the whole neighborhood is filled with beautiful places. Vanderlyn, painter of the well-known picture of the "Landing of Columbus," now in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, was born in this town, where he also died in 1853. Saugerties, further up the river, is not so pleasant a place as its name would seem to indicate, but Ron-

the Duomo, and the Palazzo Vecchio; what delightful memories are connected with all these places! I recall that fine avenue of old cypress-trees, extending half a mile from the Porta Romana, at the end of which one makes a sharp turn to the left, and after a few minutes' walk, is brought to the famous tower of Galileo. It was with peculiar emotions that I ascended to the summit of that venerable tower, and remembered that the brave old astronomer who defied the ignorance and superstition of the age in which he lived, looked out upon the same glorious prospect that was now spread before me. Milton's words came to my mind as he wrote of the moon,

"Whose orb,  
Through optic glass, the Tuscan artist views,  
At evening, from the top of Fiesole,  
Or in Val d'Arno, to descry new lands,  
Rivers, and mountains in her spotty globe."

Looking across the intervening distance, I could easily see the villa in which Boccaccio wrote his "Decameron," to cheer the spirits of his friends, while the plague was desolating the beautiful city

soon driving through "Via Cavour," and on through the gates of the city to the country beyond. At once we find ourselves amid scenes of unrivaled beauty, recognizing all the charms which belong to Italian, or rather Tuscan, scenery. Rising by a gradual ascent the hill before us, by degrees the full glory of the valley, which lies at our feet, discloses itself. We ride between garden walls, hanging over which are thrifty vines, now in their full verdure, and promising a rich fruitage to reward the husbandman for his labor. Reaching the spur of the hill, we can not resist the temptation to take one glance at the scene below. Turning the horse's head, a sight of transcendent beauty meets the eye. The valley appears to be one vast vineyard, in which thousands of cypress-trees tower up as if inviting their trailing neighbors to climb their branches and nestle there in the warm, bright beams of an Italian sun. Winding through the valley, the Arno resembles a ribbon of glittering silver. Florence looks like a fair maiden, surrounded with her chaplet of flowers and green trees. The dome of Brunelleschi, which crowns the





ESOPUS CREEK, NEAR KINGSTON, N. Y.—KRUSEMAN VAN ELTEN.



UOLM



great cathedral, having no equal, except the dome of St. Peter's, and perhaps St. Paul's, is the most conspicuous object that meets the eye. Proceeding, we pass the walls of the villa of Lorenzo d' Medici. It is not difficult for the imagination to conjure up the scenes of other days, when, within those walls, were gathered scholars from all parts of the world, to enjoy the princely hospitality of their host. This splendid mansion may be regarded almost as the birth-place of the *Renaissance*. It was the centre of that intellectual and literary glory, which, radiating over Europe, heralded the coming of a day of more blessed light than any that literature or science or art had ever shed. At last we stand on the summit of the hill up which we have been climbing. It is the site of an old Etruscan town, built thus loftily, like so many Italian towns, the more easily to protect itself against the attack of enemies. Where now is a Franciscan convent, once the god of wine had his temple. We look into this convent, to which free ingress is allowed to us. Passing through a long corridor, we find ourselves in a paved court-yard, quadrangular in its form. In the centre of this yard is a well, out of which, for centuries, the monks have drawn water. Through the large window in the western side of the quadrangle is seen a landscape of marvelous beauty, like a glorious painting hung upon the walls and enlivening the sombre interior of the monastery.

I was not much impressed with the sanctity of the inmates of the convent. The following description of their general appearance is true to the life: "I came suddenly upon the monks," remarks a traveler, "who had left grape-gathering, and betaken themselves to more exhilarating sports. They had commenced a sham fight, and were wrestling vigorously with one another. Brown frocks and scapulas were flying in the air; shaven crowns were glancing in the starlight; naked ankles and sandaled feet were freely displayed; and the figures of the monks bent and rose as the tide of battle swayed to and fro. It was an attitude in which I had not chanced to see the good fathers before, and I stood to admire it. Many of them were young men of twenty-five or thirty years of age. They had thews and sinews that would have done honor to our sturdiest plowmen; their faces, certainly, were not more intellectual; and having neither plow nor spade by which to give vent to the exuberant spirits with which nature had blessed them, what better could they do, than just what they were doing? But, unhappily, it was discovered that a stranger was watching the fray, and in a twinkling it was at an end, and the grape-gathering was resumed, with even more earnestness than before." One of the lads—fathers, I ought to say—good-naturedly came running after me with a cluster, and I thankfully accepted it, that I might be able to say I had eaten of the vine of Fiesole.

It is a matter worthy of note, as already remarked, that within the temple which stood on the very site where the convent now stands, the merry worshippers of Bacchus were wont to assemble to pay their homage to the god of the vineyards which stretched far away into the vale below. The tourist will not pass without notice the old amphitheatre, nor decline the invitation of the guide, who will lead him down into the gloomy caves in which the wild beasts were kept which played their ferocious parts in the games of the arena above.

—J. C. Stockbridge.

#### AMERICAN ENGLISH AND ENGLISH ENGLISH.

EVERY educated person has read numbers of books of travel in Europe, and has wandered with their authors, from his earliest years, over each highway and by-way, from Ireland to Russia, and from Norway to Sicily; and yet it comes into the experience of all travelers, who see with their own eyes, that there is something left which nobody has told them. For example: we find the language and customs of continental countries no stranger than we expect—perhaps not so much so; but what does surprise us is that in England, where, as we suppose, they have the same speech as our own, and we are in most respects the same people, things are so foreign to us. Objects are called by such different names from ours, not merely local or dialect, but by the common consent of the educated.

To begin with our arrival at Liverpool: we knew of course that in going to London we should travel on a "railway" instead of a railroad, and in a "carriage" instead of a car; but that the freight cars were "goods wagons," or "vans," that the rails were

"metals," that switching a train off a track was "shunting on a siding," we did not know. We had heard already that the fireman was "a stoker," the conductor "a guard," and the engineer an "engine driver." We were rather astonished to see that the "engine driver" had no house over him, but was exposed to heat, cold, and driving storm without shelter; but when we read afterward in the papers that the proposal to put foot-warmers (the only way of warming cars) in third-class carriages was received in Parliament with shouts of laughter and voted down, we could not much wonder at any inattention to the comfort of the laboring class. But this is an aside, and to touch upon differences of custom, as well as of speech, would lead us beyond our limit.

We learned to consult our English maid as interpreter when we went out shopping, or we should not have found what we wanted. Without such knowledge, we asked in Torquay for India-rubbers—(an absurd name, as they are neither Indian nor rubber; the French "caoutchouc," or simply overshoes is better). The woman stared: "Oh, you mean 'goloshes!'" evidently from the French *galoches*. We remember, when a child, before the discovery of India-rubber shoes, father had a pair of leather overshoes buckled over the instep, which he called his galoches, and we children corrupted it into "goloshes!"

We found they call "calico" what we in New York call muslin (also absurdly), and in New England more properly cotton cloth; and what we call calico they call "print"—(*rushing into print* is only hurrying on a calico dress!); a druggist is a "chymist"; a thread-and-needle store, a "haberdasher's shop," ("store" is never heard); the waist of a dress is a "body," in some places the skirt is a "tail." We were much startled on receiving our first washing-bills to find we were charged with "low bodies" and "loose bodies!" Not supposing there were any such "questionable shapes" in our party, we found they were only high and low necked underwaists. A girl at Swan & Edgar's told us the "V-body" was all the rage. Thinking she said "Peabody," and fancying it a fashion baptized in honor of our benevolent countryman of that name, who had just died, we found it meant a waist open in a point in front. A friend told us that a young American lady on a visit to a country house, was put into a room previously occupied by one of the family, and was charged not to be frightened, because it was a haunted chamber. She had scarcely fallen asleep when there came a gentle tap at the door, and a sepulchral voice whispered through the key-hole, "I want to come in and get my body!"

Beef, bread and beer were the same everywhere, and mutton, also, only pronounced by waiters "mut'n chawps;" but all fruit-pies are "tarts," and a pie means always a pie of meat, game, veal and 'am, or pork, of which the crust is only a cover, and not eaten. Our first acquaintance with "pork-pie" was made in the inn at Kenilworth, and very good it was to hungry tourists, being sausage-meat chopped with potatoes and some other vegetable. All puddings and pies are called "sweets," dessert is always fruit, and all sweetmeats are "jam." Of course we found different local names for the same things, and what meant one thing in one place, had a different meaning in another. In Devonshire a "combe" was a glen opening to the sea; in the lake country it was a mountain. In Devon the hills were "tors," in the lake country "fells," as well as "combes." As to the dropping of the h's, we were prepared for that, though it certainly was confusing, and at first difficult, to understand the arbitrary way in which they were taken off in one place and put on in another, and we were very much amused to see a notice in the Crystal Palace to this effect: "Visitors are requested to be careful about dropping their h's, as they will not be returned to them." It may be that the frequency of this in the neighborhood caused the curator of the Dulwich (pronounced Dull-itch) Gallery to say to us, when he saw we had registered our names as from New York, "Ladies, I thought you were Americans, for I have overheard some of your conversation, and you speak better English than most of my countrymen!"

But this must be said, that even the class who drop their h's speak much more grammatically than the corresponding class among us, and we never hear the dreadful verb "to was," and "I done it," so unhappily current among us. To be sure a woman from Birmingham did tell us at Loch Lomond that "she felt so *desultory* because she had no Sunday

gown," and our friends did hear "neglidge" in a shop, and thought of dear Mrs. Gamp. Many pronunciations are unusual to our ears, and *e* and *a* seem to be interchangeable vowels, as "Darby" and "Barkshire," "keb" and "Thems." We are familiar with "Warrick" and "Berrick;" but we must confess "All-nick" for "Alnwick" was rather startling. A friend of ours tells the following story: He was at Brighton, and set out one day to walk to Kingston-by-the-Sea, where he had heard there was a church with a very fine spire. He went some distance and then asked his way. No one knew; one man "never heard of it, your honor." At last, coming in sight of a village and a church with a spire, he inquired what place it was. "Kinstonbizar" was the answer. Some elderly people may remember Miss Leslie's amusing story of "No. Eleventeen," in which Sir Sineon Sillinger, of Senox (Sir St. John St. Leger, of Seven Oaks), figures. But time would fail us to tell of the numerous instances of these differences. We mention only a few more: "trays" for traits, which is pronounced according to French, not English, analogy; "piul" for pool, etc., until we came at last to conclude that we should not know how to pronounce the name of a place till we had been there, or of a thing till we had inquired for it.

And now one last word as to pronunciation at home, where we make some such vicious mistakes, that we must take this opportunity to bear our testimony against them.

We chiefly err as to foreign names for articles sold in the shops: the vicious pronunciations are set going by ignorant clerks and adopted carelessly by people who ought to know better. We have heard a lady who can translate Greek, and would be shocked at a false Latin quantity, talk about her "polonay," and speak of "polonays" as if they were the plural and the other the singular, not thinking of the masculine and feminine termination, and if there be such a thing as a polonais, it is a man's, not a woman's garment.

Then, again, "nubia" for a kind of hood, better called cloud, which is English and intelligible. *Nubé*, as it is properly called, is a Spanish word meaning cloud, and it has nothing to do with the country in Africa we know by that name. We asked in a shop in New York for "percale" (paircal). We have "purkale," the clerk replied, and alas! we have heard it called so on the other side of the counter. Again, those dear and loving words, papa and mama, have nearly become obsolete, and are replaced by the Irish nurse's "parper" and "marmer," so offensive to ears polite! This error has even crept into writing, and a poem in the *Atlantic Monthly* by Mrs. Piatt, is hopelessly vulgarized by introducing that dreadful "marmer" in the very first verse. But time would fail were we to continue the catalogue of our sins in this respect, and it is best to end here and now, with the reminder, that we are all too careless in our speech, and that even in "the best-regulated families."

—E. W. Winthrop.

#### MORNING.

THE mists of morning on the purple mountains  
And low green meadows lay;  
The sun slow breaking from his crystal palace  
Shone o'er the silent bay.

Above the streamlet on the wooded hill-top,  
I stood in peace alone;  
And faintly heard upon the moss-grown pebbles,  
The soft waves splash and moan.

And now and then among the long elm branches  
The low winds ling'ring went,  
Like the slow fall of sad musician's fingers  
On some sweet instrument.

I saw the gold slow gath'ring in the heavens,  
The night-mists drift away;  
And on the grim brow of the grand old mountain,  
A pale star's dying ray.

While faintly gleaming thro' the thick green branches,  
In her dim silvery dress,  
Shone the fair moon, beyond the swift clouds gliding,  
To hide her loveliness.

And softly breaking on the morning silence,  
Like the shy dryad's call,  
Came the sweet voice of hushed wind's sad complaining,  
Or a bird-madrigal.

The gentle breath of morning's early sweetness,  
Freighted the dimpling air;  
And half I deemed that Nature bent there kneeling,  
With meek hands clasped in prayer.

—Ada B. Foster.



## WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

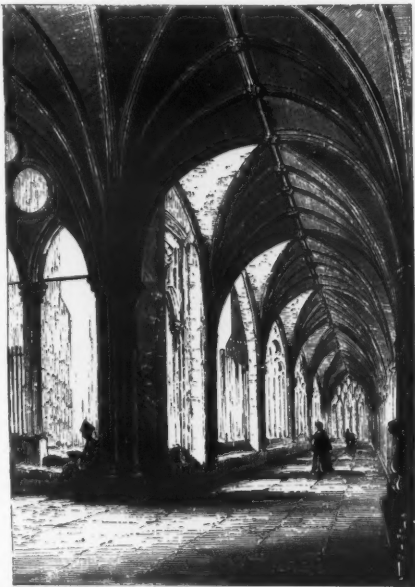
## SECOND PAPER.

THE history of this great and venerable building is extremely interesting. St. Sebert, king of the East Saxons, or king of Essex, is said by historians to have founded the first Abbey in the seventh century, in the year 610. It was destroyed by the Danes, and afterward rebuilt in 958 by King Edgar. The church, becoming ruinous, was again splendidly rebuilt in 1055-65 by Edward the Confessor, and filled with monks from Exeter. It was dedicated on the 28th of December, 1065. Pope Nicholas II. constituted the Abbey the place for the coronation of the kings of England, and here these affairs have taken place ever since with great pomp and magnificence. Even if the ceremony had been performed elsewhere, it was thought necessary to repeat it at Westminster in the presence of all the great personages of the land:

"That antique pile behold,  
Where royal heads receive the sacred  
gold;  
It gives them crowns, and does their ashes  
keep:  
There made like gods, like mortals there  
they sleep,  
Making the circle of their reign complete;  
These suns of empire, where they rise  
they set."

At the moment the crown is put  
on, the Tower guns fire a royal  
salute.

Henry III. in 1220-69 once more rebuilt the Abbey in a magnificent and beautiful style. In the reigns of Edward II., Edward III., and Richard II., the great cloisters, the abbot's house, and principal monastic buildings were erected. The western part of the nave and aisles were rebuilt between the years 1340 and 1483. The west front and the great window were built by Richard III. and Henry VII.; the latter commenced the chapel which bears his name, the first stone being laid on the 24th of January, 1502. In 1540 the Abbey was dissolved and made a bishopric, but was finally made a collegiate church by Elizabeth, in 1560. During the reign of Henry VIII., the Abbey suffered great injuries, and



CLOISTERS.

still greater by the Puritans, it being then occupied (July, 1643) as barracks for the soldiers of Parliament. After having sustained these injuries, Sir Christopher Wren undertook the reconstruction of it, and in the most able manner added to its beauty and solidity. Upon close examination, he found nothing to countenance the belief that the Abbey was erected on the ruins of a pagan temple. Several singular discoveries were made, however, of ancient monuments, and also the mosaic pavement in front of the altar in the choir. The great west window

and the western towers were rebuilt in the reigns of George I. and II., 1714-60. On the 28th of December, 1865, the 800th anniversary of the foundation of Westminster Abbey was celebrated.

Since 1856, a large number of the windows have been painted, illustrating the most beautiful and touching portions of the "Te Deum." The large west window, painted in 1735, represents Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, Moses and Aaron, and the Twelve



CHAPEL OF HENRY VII., WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Patriarchs, with a large number of royal arms. The south, or marigold window, of stained glass, was designed in 1847, and represents different subjects from the Old Testament, incidents in the life of Christ, and the word "Jehovah" surrounded by angels. The north, or rose window, is commemorative of our Saviour, the Twelve Apostles and the Four Evangelists. Westminster is so called on account of its western situation with regard to St. Paul's Cathedral, or from there being formerly a monastery named Eastminster, on the hill now called Great Tower Hill. So large is the Abbey and so extensive are the repairs which need to be constantly made, one can hardly enter the building without finding, somewhere among its vast arcades, skilled workmen, busy over mosaic, marble, bronze, or "stained window richly dight," and the very cloisters are being repaired until the tracery of the arches shall be as bright and sharp as they were half a thousand years ago.

Washington Irving, when he stood amid the tombs of so many of the mighty dead, was impressed with the "mournful magnificence" of the place, and asked, "What is this vast assembly of sepulchres but a treasury of humiliation? A huge pile of reiterated homilies on the emptiness of renown and the certainty of oblivion." Writing of this Abbey, he took for his motto this grand Elizabethan epigram:

"When I behold with deep astonishment,  
To famous Westminster, how there resort  
Living in brass or stony monument,  
The princes and the worthies of all sort,  
Do I not see reformed nobilitie,  
Without contempt, or pride, or ostentation,  
And look upon offenseless majestie,  
Naked of pomp or earthly domination?  
And how a play-game of a painted stone,  
Contents the quiet, now, and silent sprites,  
Whom all the world, which late they stood upon,  
Could not content, nor quench their appetites.  
Life is a frost of cold felicities,  
And death the thaw of all our vanities."

Those who read the passages in the life of the late Charles Knight, the famous London bookseller and publisher, will learn how he, while a boy, in common with the other inhabitants of Windsor, was on familiar terms with King George III. The whole court, in the reign of that monarch, lived in the eyes of the public. So, speaking of the tombs of the kings of England, in the Abbey, Canon Kingsley says: "The

sepulchral chapels built by Henry III. and Henry VII. might have stood alone in their glory. No meaner dust need ever have mingled with the dust of Plantagenets, Tudors, Stuarts, Guelphs. But it has been the peculiar privilege of the kings of England, that neither in life nor in death have they been parted from their people. As the council of the nation and the courts of law have pressed into the palace of Westminster, and engirdled the very throne itself, so the ashes of the great citizens of England have pressed into the sepulchre of the kings, and surrounded them as with a guard of honor after their death. We are sometimes inclined bitterly to contrast the placid dignity of our recumbent kings with Chatham gesticulating from the northern transept, or Pitt from the western door, or Shakspeare leaning on his column in Poets' Corner, or Wolfe expiring by the chapel of St. John."

The most beautiful and extensive chapel in the Abbey is that of Henry VII., the cloisters of which are shown in the illustration. The Gothic ceiling, resting on lofty arches, is exquisitely carved. The mass of tracery and ornamentation in stone on every side, consisting of flowers, roses, bosses, pendants, panels, and armorial bearings, is quite bewildering. In the nave of this chapel the Knights of the Order of the Bath were formerly installed, and here may be seen their richly carved stalls, shaded with Gothic canopies, while above are their coats of arms, heraldic devices and banners. The tomb of the founder of this chapel is highly carved and ornamented, and bears the effigies

of Henry VII. and his queen, Elizabeth, the last of the House of York who wore the English crown, resting upon a slab of black marble. It is surrounded by an elaborate screen of curiously wrought brass work. In the south aisle of this chapel lies in royal pomp poor Mary Queen of Scots:

"Nothing is left of her  
Now, but pure womanly."

An alabaster effigy of the unfortunate queen rests upon the beautiful tomb. In the corresponding aisle,



WESTERN TOWERS.

upon the north, is the tomb erected by King James I. to Queen Elizabeth, bearing the recumbent effigy of that sovereign supported by four lions. Queen Mary, who is said to have burned some seventy persons a year at the stake while she reigned, rests in the same vault. The lines at the head of the monument on this double tomb are as follows: "Fellows in the kingdom and in the tomb, here we sleep; Mary and Elizabeth, the sisters; in hope of the resurrection." The Abbey, after life's fitful fever, is a place of peace for all.

— Fuller-Walker.



## MUSIC.

## THE STAR SYSTEM AND HIGH PRICES.

THAT which every one has been denouncing for years, one man only, if rumor be correct, has mustered the courage to oppose practically. We receive the statement with some degree of allowance, for we have hardly dared to anticipate that public opinion would have wrought any manager up to the "sticking-place" so soon. But, unless we are to discredit those veracious and infallible chroniclers of public events, the daily papers, Manager Strakosch proposes, in his next operatic season, to do away with the system which starves the chorus and fattens the leading soloists, impoverishes the stage in its appointments, depletes the orchestra, bleeds the public, and leaves the impresario poor in pocket and not always rich in reputation.

We know of no manager who has deserved better of the public than Max Strakosch. In the midst of the most depressing financial crisis this generation has seen, he produced "Aida" and "Lohengrin" in a style which critics all agree was never equaled in this country, and foreign opera-goers declared surpassed the presentation of the same works on the European stage. What sacrifices he made, how much money he lost, the public does not care and never stops to inquire. The works were produced; everybody was delighted; Strakosch was called before the curtain and was loaded down with applause. But applause couldn't pay Nilsson at \$1,000 gold per night, nor the extravagant salaries of some of the remaining principal soloists, not to mention the chorus and the thousand and one incidentals for orchestra, scenery, stage properties, rent, etc.

It is not to be supposed that Mr. Strakosch gives opera solely for fun. In a measure he is a philanthropist; but, like the majority of professional philanthropists, he doubtless prefers that branch which pays the most liberal dividends. He has a pride in his profession, as is well known; but, after all, even ambition must falter and die out in the presence of the enormous outlay which the unreasonable demands of *prime-donne* necessitate. In a word, Mr. Strakosch is a thoroughly practical business man, ready to pay fair prices for good work, but unwilling longer to devote so much of his energies to organizing means for filling the coffers of a few prominent soloists, while he and the subordinate *attachés* receive the beggarly pittance which remains after this unequal and inequitable division of the receipts.

It is a very common answer to the very frequent remonstrance against these extravagant salaries, that the artists are entitled to all they can command, and that without them the manager could not draw paying houses. The first part of this reply may be true, but the second is open to argument, as well as, we trust, to practical disproof. We have long ago learned that one swallow does not make a summer. Neither does one prima-donna make a successful opera. It is true the American public, always patient and long-suffering, have put up with performances of opera which would not have been tolerated abroad. They have yawned, for the most part, through three and five acts of dreary renderings merely for the sake of the occasional inspiring performances of some favorite prima-donna. They have sneered at the orchestra, execrated the chorus, anathematized the scenery and appointments, condemned internally the prompter who carried the performance bodily and vocally; but bore it all, nevertheless, without violent signs of discontent, because one song-bird (who swallowed all the profits) did her part well. All these years past, however, there has been gradual education in musical art. Where, ten or fifteen years ago, a comparatively few only had a thorough knowledge of music, and the great majority a merely superficial acquirement, now a new generation is well grounded in the forms and demands of all of the most important compositions. Operatic scores are common in musical households, and the opera attendant of the present day has a very fair knowledge of what he ought to hear in return for his pecuniary expenditure. The modern critic no longer confines his attention to the soloists. The chorus, the orchestra, the *mise-en-scène*, and every detail of stage properties, receive careful consideration. The public is alike critical and more and more discriminating and exacting each season.

But there is another and equally important aspect of this radical and greatly-to-be-desired revolution. While we have much to be thankful for from the Old World, some of its customs were "better honored in the breach than in the observance." Good, old-fashioned Yankee economy has yielded too much to habits of extravagance not indigenous to the soil. As a nation, we are not rich in spots as is the aristocracy of European countries. Here money is more equally distributed, and so are intelligence and culture. Of course there are a great many wealthy people; but these are not, *ex necessitate*, the most refined. On the contrary, our moneyed aristocracy is largely "shoddy" and of sudden growth. The unnatural prosperity of the war was the hot-bed in which they were fostered, and indeed a large share of our wealthy men acquired their riches directly or indirectly through the opportunities which the late conflict and an inflated currency afforded. But the real aristocracy of this nation—the intellectual—is but little troubled with an excess of this world's goods. This class is practically shut out from the opera by the high prices charged for admission which the enormous salaries to soloists necessitate. If Mr. Strakosch carries out his plan, we hope he will also place the tickets within the reach of the "people," and not alone of the pecuniarily prosperous oligarchy. Summing up the case, we are by no means disappointed that we are not to have Patti this winter at \$1,000 per night in gold and all the expenses of herself and "regal" retinue added. We much prefer that this munificent outlay shall be devoted to an equalization of the several integral parts of the opera that will insure a thoroughly good performance. We hail the promised advent of artists, the names of some of whom are not

even familiar to American audiences. Mdle. Heilbron will succeed Nilsson. She has a good European reputation, having won special success in Paris. Mdle. Dinadio is unknown here. Mons. Davillier, and Signors Debassani and Bonfratelli, tenors, Signors Tagliofietra and Fiorini, basses, all new names, are to be of the company. Then we are to have the old favorites, Miss Annie Louise Cary and Signors Del Puente and Nannetti. Signor Muzio will continue musical director, a position he fills admirably and to the satisfaction of all.

We are promised Beethoven's "Fidelio," a master work which none but a well-balanced company can produce successfully; Wagner's "Rienzi," which a slim and slovenly chorus would utterly destroy; Meyerbeer's "Le Prophète," which demands thoroughness in every part; Rossini's "William Tell," the choruses and orchestration of which are its most striking features; "Romeo et Juliet," by Gounod; Verdi's "Don Carlos;" and a new mass, and "Nozze di Figaro" and "Cosi fan tutte," by Mozart. This is a rich feast of itself, and we shall doubtless have the more familiar operas rendered in better style than has ever been known to the American lyric stage, for the chorus will number one hundred and fifty, the orchestra one hundred, and Signor Muzio, as already stated, will wield the baton.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

—Campanini and Nilsson have been singing at Her Majesty's Opera, Drury Lane. The London musical critics generously concede that Campanini's American experience has rather improved than injured his vocal method. They were afraid that the low (!) standard of taste here would lead him to exaggerate expression.

—M. Maurel, the baritone, has appeared at the rival Opera House at Covent Garden, in conjunction with M. Faure, taking the secondary parts. It is a fortunate house that can secure so excellent an artist as second. When may we expect M. Faure here?

—The Kellogg English Opera is organized for the fall and win-



AUGUSTIN DALY.

ter campaign, Messrs. Castle and Campbell having been added to the troupe. The West was the favorite field of operation of this company last season, and unless the times are much improved, we presume they will again confine themselves to that more fruitful locality.

—Miss Antoinette Sterling, after a most brilliant success in England, has come home on a brief visit to her mother, who resides at Sterlingville, New York. She will return to London to fill important engagements in September.

—Miss M. E. Toedt, the violinist, has sailed for Germany to continue her musical studies. She was accompanied by her brother Theodore, a tenor of unusual promise, who expects to cultivate his talent at the Conservatory in Paris.

—A completed life of Beethoven has been discovered among the manuscripts left by the late David Strauss. It is said to give much new and valuable information of the character and career of the world's greatest musical master.

—Balfé has composed a new three-act opera, entitled "The Talisman," which is described as his best operatic work. A decision as to its merits is reserved. We take it for granted the Kellogg troupe will hasten to add it to the rather scant *répertoire* of English operas. Although announced as "Il Talismano," it was originally composed to English words.

—Persichini, a young Italian composer, has lately produced his opera, "Rienzi," at Rome. Of course the Italians prefer it to Wagner's work of the same name.

—Revolutions do not go backward. The Khedive of Egypt has "struck" against the high salaries to artists, and abolished the grand ballets. This last would also be a good move here. The ballet in opera is not appreciated in this country. People who go to hear singing are not diverted by a display of legs.

—John Zundel, the veteran organist of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, is fattening on goat's milk in the mountains of Switzerland.

—The project of a monument to Beethoven in Vienna is being pushed with commendable zeal. Ernst Perabo, pianist, of Boston, is engaged in soliciting subscriptions.

## DRAMA.

## AUGUSTIN DALY.

MR. AUGUSTIN DALY is of Irish parentage, of the same Daly family which has become famous in New York in connection with the profession of law. A young man, being only some thirty-six years of age, he is a prominent example of what may be accomplished by pluck and perseverance, for if there is one trait of character peculiar to this successful and widely known theatrical manager, it is energy. Those who know Mr. Daly best can testify to his incessant activity. It is not uncommon for him to be at some one of his theatres as early as eight o'clock in the morning, where he will spend the whole day superintending the details of putting a play upon the stage. Seventeen hours every working-day is his task, and he rehearses a new play as often as eighteen or twenty times. Born in North Carolina, he came to this city at an early age, and commenced to earn his own living. While a mere lad, he became connected with the *Courier* as dramatic and literary critic, ball reporter, romancist, etc. In 1863 he adapted for Miss Bateman a translation of Dr. Mosenthal's "Deborah," under the title of "Leah, the Forsaken," which was produced at Niblo's Garden. Since that time he has been actively employed in theatrical enterprises, keeping up his connection with the press until he assumed managerial cares. Mr. Daly succeeded the well-known James Otis, on the *Evening Express*, as dramatic critic. He filled the same position on the daily *Times*, for a year or more, contributing articles on dramatic matters at the same time to the *Courier*, the *Citizen*, the *Sun*, and the *Express*, thus writing for five papers simultaneously.

At one time Mr. Daly was agent for Miss Bateman, the Webb Sisters, and the late Avonia Jones, accompanying the last two named through the country. He has written ten or a dozen plays, and finds French plays the most troublesome, for none of them can be presented without a vast amount of reconstruction, expunging and amending. Whole acts and scenes have been fitted into "Fernande," "Frou-Frou," and the last episode in "Madeleine Morel" was an original incident.

Mr. Daly began his brilliant career at the old Fifth Avenue Theatre, a building adjoining the Fifth Avenue Hotel, August 16, 1869. He started out with the creed which believed in a good play, then in good players, and then in good mounting. Combining these three elements, he at once achieved a success, and the little house was nightly crowded, until destroyed by fire on New Year's Day, 1873. Miss Agnes Ethel acted as leading lady. Mr. Daly's principal original productions have been "Under the Gaslight," produced in 1867; "A Flash of Lightning," in 1869; "Horizon," in 1871, and one or two star specialties, such as the "Red Scarf." His dramatizations comprise "Griffith Gaunt," Beecher's novel of "Norwood," "Roughing It," "Man and Wife," "Divorce," and "The Pickwick Papers." His adaptations have been "Taming of the Butterfly," made in conjunction with the late Frank Wood, of the Olympic Theatre, and produced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre as "Delmonico;" "Alice," "Frou-Frou," "Parricide," "Madeleine Morel," "M. Alphonse," "Round the Clock," and "Follies."

Last season Mr. Daly had the control of four theatres, the Grand Opera House, the Olympic Theatre, the Broadway Theatre, and the Fifth Avenue Theatre. At present he will content himself with the management of the New Fifth Avenue Theatre. In his experience, Mr. Daly has discovered that it costs more to produce Shakespeare and the legitimate drama than it does American adaptations of French plays, and what is stranger still, the public tire of the former plays the sooner. As an illustration of the estimate in which plays are held, "Divorce" has been played under his management 283 times; "Man and Wife," nearly 100; "Charity," 50; "Alphonse," the same. "Twelfth Night" ran 13 nights; "The Merry Wives of Windsor," 18 nights; "Love's Labor Lost," 11; "School for Scandal," 9 times.

Mr. Daly is a man of ideas, and has his own opinions concerning the most perfect form of dramatic representation. When he inaugurated his first season at the old Fifth Avenue Theatre, he intended to give that magnificence of scenery and costly correctness of dressing and stage garniture to the modern or contemporaneous drama, and also to old comedy, which, until he came into the field, had only been lavished upon ballet, spectacle, and an occasional melodrama. The old way of producing these plays was much cheaper than Mr. Daly's. In the matter of actors, Mr. Daly has always had several leading men, and at least three ladies, to whom he could cast a leading part. Thus the physical ideality of each character has been realized upon his stage, while its dramatic exactions have been perfectly complied with. He does not believe in the policy of engaging one leading lady who expects to play every heroine that offers in each play, whether the *rôle* be that of a girl of seventeen or a mother of forty.

Mr. Daly regards the most perfect form of dramatic representation that which is to be found most common upon the French stage, or in those theatres modeled upon the French plan—a plan which requires no such thing as a leading part in any play, and no such exorcism as a star character—a plan that requires every thing to be in harmony and judges it no more strange to ask a leading artist to undertake a small character in a drama than to order a great scene painter to turn his brush once in a while upon the production of a hovel—a plan that exacts the like for the like—rags for the beggar's *rôle* and satins for the lord; and in the land of its perfection is never accused of forgetting art because it reproduces the finery and furbelows of society upon the scene in representing modern life.

Mr. Daly is a brother of Judge Joseph J. Daly, of the Court of Common Pleas, and is married to a daughter of John Duff, the theatrical manager.



## LITERATURE.

A SECOND volume of poems has recently been given to the public through the house of J. R. Osgood & Co., of Boston, by Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt, of Washington, a lady widely known from her frequent contributions to the periodical literature of the day. The first poem in the book, "A Voyage to the Fortunate Isles," gives the title to the work, which is a collection of some fifty short poems, remarkable for their originality, quaintness of expression, subtlety of thought, and sweetness. Mrs. Piatt is a cheerful singer, possessing much of the bird instinct which compels song. Happy as a lark, she is content with such flowers, grasses and babbling waters as she finds in her home meadow; she sings to her children, and if, now and then, her song mounts into the air on graceful wings, to catch a deeper inspiration, and a broader view of the world, it returns to the home-nest at last with notes of hope, comfort and encouragement. At times Mrs. Piatt indulges in a pensive mood, as when she sings "Seeing Through Tears:"

"Ah me! look not too fair!  
If love could be a fairy story, ending  
At our two graves out in the dark somewhere;  
If, dying, I could know myself descending  
Forever from myself, no cry  
For wings would smite the sky;  
  
No high reproach and fond  
That souls and angels were frail human fancies,  
That nothing, sweet or bitter, was beyond  
The Bible saints and their divine romances:—  
All I could feel were this, I fear—  
That dust to dust is dear!"

As a fine specimen of Mrs. Piatt's vigorous thought, we reproduce "A Woman's Birthday."

"It is the summer's great last heat,  
It is the fall's first chill: they meet  
Dust in the grass, dust in the air,  
Dust in the grave—and everywhere!  
Ah, late rose, eaten to the heart:  
Ah, bird, whose southward yearnings start:  
The one may fall, the other fly,  
Why may not I! why may not I?"

Oh, Life! that gave for me my dower  
The hushing song, the worm-gnawed flower,  
Let drop the rose from your shrunk breast  
And blow the bird to some warm nest;  
Flush out your dying colors fast:  
The last dead leaf—will be the last.  
No? Must I wear your piteous smile  
A little while, a little while?

The withering world accepts her fate  
Of mist and moaning, soon or late;  
She had the dew, the scent, the spring,  
And upward rapture of the wing;  
Their time is gone, and with it they,  
And am I wooing Youth to stay  
In these dry days, that still would be  
Not fair to me, not fair to me?

If Time has stained with gold the hair,  
Should he not gather grayness there?  
Whatever gifts he chose to make,  
If he has given, shall he not take?  
His hollow hand has room for all  
The beauty of the world to fall  
Therein. I give my little part  
With aching heart, with aching heart."

After reading this volume, the public will agree with us that it can not be said of Mrs. Piatt, as she says in one of her poems:

"Even so  
Do all the little poets of to-day  
Set their poor painted images for show  
In temples where the gods alone should stay."

Professor William Mathews, of the University of Chicago, has published through the house of S. C. Griggs & Co., of that place, a volume of twenty interesting and readable essays, on as many different subjects, which he calls the "Great Conversers, and Other Essays." A man of extensive reading and fine culture, he treats of such subjects as the great conversers, literary clubs, epigrams, popular fallacies, faces, pleasantry in literature, curiosities of criticism, etc., in a fresh and entertaining manner. Each of the twenty essays is filled with thought profusely illustrated with selections from the great literary men of all ages. An elaborate article on "The Battle of Waterloo" concludes the volume. In this treatise Professor Mathews takes the ground that Napoleon lost the battle through his own carelessness and blunders. He had plenty of opportunities to win a victory, but allowed all of them to slip away.

Those interested in the art education of the people, who may have intrusted to them the selection of casts for the various art museums now being founded in this country, will find an almost invaluable work in the handsome "Cast Catalogue of Antique Sculpture," which has been edited by Wm. T. Brigham, A. M., and is published by Lee, Shepard & Co., of Boston. Mr. Brigham, having had occasion to gather notes relative to antique sculpture from many foreign catalogues and personal examination of museums, has now given them to the public in a large and handsome volume, which is illustrated by sixty-five photographs of celebrated works of art, and contains a letter-press description of most of the antique sculptures. The measurements of the sculptures have been given, the price of casts, etc., together with a short historical sketch of the models. The introduction of the catalogue contains an able essay on the rise and progress of sculpture throughout the world, as well as a treatise on the art of making casts. The volume concludes with "An Introduction to the Study of Ornament," and a catalogue of illustrated literature, which should be found in all art libraries. From the introduction to the study of ornament we quote as follows:

"It is doubtless a grave mistake to regard ornament as other than a necessity of the human race. Every nation, even the most degraded, has its manner of ornamentation, and it is to the varieties of tastes and feelings of these various peoples that decoration owes the so-called styles or modes recognized by art. Besides being a natural instinct of the human race,—a mark of distinction from all other animals,—ornamentation has been found to be an important element of commercial prosperity, and so has become an object of study. Civilized nations demand elegance as well as fit-

ness in a manufactured article, and the nation or individual who can combine these elements most successfully will command the best markets, while those who neglect the former must be content to sell their manufactures to the Indians on the plains, or to the tribes of Central Africa. Some nations—our own, for example,—have been slow to learn the lesson so clearly spread out in the history of all time. The clay of Samos was probably no better for terra-cottas than that of other places; nor did the bronze of Corinth, the wood of Ægina, the wools of Miletus, the sea-shells of Tyre, or the sands of Egypt, surpass the new material found in other places. The coin of the whole ancient world came to Samos in exchange for the baked clay vessels which nowhere else were formed so gracefully or ornamented with such pleasing taste. The bronze vessels and statues of the Isthmian city have lived in fame two thousand years; the little island of Ægina sold wood for many times its weight in gold because its carvers were able to invent forms of unsurpassed elegance. The shawls of Miletus, the purple-dyed fabrics of Tyre, the colored glass of Egypt, were all marked by careful art, but in material were probably no better than the shawls and fabrics and glass made by other people who labored for a tithe of the compensation these artistic fabrics earned."

If any man ever loved his country, working to his highest ability for her present happiness and future prosperity, that man was the late Charles Sumner, the eminent Senator from Massachusetts. From early boyhood he was a close student, the end and aim of all his work being the highest prosperity of the United States. One of his studies was relative to the "Prophetic Voices Concerning America," and a monograph with this title has been published by Lee, Shepard & Dillingham, of New York. The book originally passed through the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and is composed for the most part of selections from the writings and speeches of Englishmen, Frenchmen, and the fathers of this country, concerning the future greatness and prosperity of America. Many of these prophetic voices have proved to be wonderfully true, and the collection of them into one volume has made one of the curiosities of literature. Most of the prophecies have reference to politics, the growth of liberty, and the prosperity of the country. A few refer to the arts and sciences. Hugh Henry Brackenridge, a Scotchman, who graduated at Princeton in 1771, wrote:

"This is thy praise, America, thy power,  
Thou best of climes by science visited,  
By freedom blest, and richly stored with all  
The luxuries of life. Hail, happy land,  
The seat of empire, the abode of kings,  
The final stage where Time shall introduce  
Renowned characters and glorious works of art,  
Which not the ravages of Time shall waste  
Till he himself has run his long career."

Bishop Berkeley's famous poem on "The Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America," contains what Daniel Webster called an "extraordinary prophecy." The first and last stanzas of this poem are as follows:

"The Muse, disgusted at an age and clime  
Barren of every glorious theme,  
In distant lands now waits a better time,  
Producing subjects worthy fame.

Westward the course of Empire takes its way;  
The first four acts already past,  
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;  
Time's noblest offspring is the last."

The Marquis D'Argenson, in his "Thoughts on the Reformation of the State," wrote about the year 1745 as follows in reference to America:

"And you will then see how the earth will be beautiful! What culture! What new arts and new sciences! What safety for commerce! Navigation will precipitate all the peoples toward each other. A day will come when one will go in a populous and regulated city of California as one goes in the stage-coach of Meaux."

Sir William Jones wrote in 1781:

"Commerce and fleets shall mark the waves,  
And arts that flourish not with slaves,  
Dancing with every Grace and Muse  
Shall bid the valleys laugh and heavenly beams diffuse."

There is much else in this book curious and interesting, while the whole volume is a valuable contribution to the literature of the day.

Readers of "Beaten Paths; or, a Woman's Vacation," by Ella W. Thompson, will be surprised to discover that a Boston woman can write so piquantly and interestingly of tours and places already as familiar to the public as the alphabet. Treading the well-beaten paths of Scotland, England, London, Belgium, Germany, the Rhine, Switzerland, and Paris, Miss Thompson, with her keen perceptions and cultivated intellect, sees more than most travelers, and makes observations which are valuable, coming from her standpoint. A refreshing vein of harmless satire runs through the book, giving a tone to the pages which constantly whets the appetite for more. The work is plentifully dashed with historical facts and romantic incidents, and is of that desultory character which renders it a charming volume for summer reading. Lee & Shepard, of Boston, are the publishers. One chapter is devoted to a walk in Westminster Abbey, about which Miss Thompson says, among other things:

"The Abbey is the only place where tombs and memorial tablets are cheerful company. The constant inscription of famous and familiar names is like the sudden meeting of friends long looked for. \* \* \* The statue of Mrs. Siddons bears a strong resemblance to the present reader and actress, Mrs. Scott-Siddons. She stood on a tragic pedestal all her life, as she does now in the Abbey, and she could never step down from it into common life. Sidney Smith said she always *stabbed* the potatoes, and she once quelled a riotous crowd by simply standing up in her carriage and saying, 'I am Sarah Siddons.'"

"It is almost an invariable custom on English tombs to make the names of the survivors who erected them quite as conspicuous as that of the occupant, thus ingeniously blowing the trumpet of the living and of the dead at the same time. \* \* \* The last great man buried there was Dickens, and by his own request he has no monument. His admirers must hope that the three-volume epitaph, which Mr. Foster is now writing about him, has the lying quality of most epitaphs. \* \* \* The old effigies lie flat on their backs, or lean comfortably on one elbow; but in the more modern monuments the statues are too often balanced on one leg, or stand forever in some pugnacious attitude, which tires and strains the eye to look at. When marble and repose are divorced, it wrongs the fitness of things; and when sculptors learn that it is unnatural and repulsive to be always straining one's muscles in marble as well as in the flesh, there will be a new and glad sunrise in their art."

## ART.

## SOME RECENT STATUES.

As this country grows in years and wealth it becomes more and more the home of the fine arts. An impulse has been given to æsthetic culture in America which argues well for the future, and instead of there being any decline in the fine arts in the United States, we confidently expect to see the day when this nation will lead all others. At the present moment there are more American artists studying in Italy than those of any other nation; the exhibitions at our academies of design grow better and better; art museums and schools of art are constantly being founded in all the great centres of population, and there is a healthy disposition on the part of the American people, both collectively and individually, to appropriate large sums of money for art purposes. The educated public is no longer satisfied with a poor statue. A number of statues have been inaugurated the past season in various parts of the land, while ample provision has been made by the Government and some of our men of wealth for future works of art. One of the most recent notable gifts in this direction is that of Mr. James Lick, of San Francisco, who has presented the City of Sacramento with \$250,000 for bronze statuary, and has given \$150,000 for a monument in San Francisco to Francis Scott Key, the author of "The Star-Spangled Banner." These gifts are dazzlingly munificent, and should provide splendid monuments for the chief cities of the Golden State.

Mr. J. Q. A. Ward, one of the foremost of American sculptors, has recently completed two fine statues, which have been publicly inaugurated—a statue of General Israel Putnam, which now stands in the public park, before the State House, in Hartford, Connecticut, and a statue of a Seventh Regiment soldier, which adorns Central Park, New York, standing by the side of the Eighth Avenue drive, near Sixty-ninth Street. Both of these works of art reflect credit upon Mr. Ward, and are worthy of the American people. They were cast at the works of Robert Wood & Co., Philadelphia.

The statue of General Putnam is a gift to the City of Hartford from the late Hon. Joseph P. Allyn. The work is larger than life, and represents the old hero of the Revolution in the costume he wore, everything having been copied from authentic relics, even to the shape and number of the buttons and braids, and the sword with its lion-headed hilt. The weight of the statue rests upon the right leg, the right foot pressing the ground lightly, throwing the body forward in the attitude of walking. The right arm presses the side closely, the hand grasping the Revolutionary cocked hat. The left hand is raised to the breast, and upon it rests the sword. The head is slightly thrown back, and turned to one side, giving the effect of a sudden movement to look at some object in the distance. The face is very effective, full of life and vigor, but it does not much resemble Trumbull's portrait of Putnam. Mr. Ward modeled from the Trumbull portrait and from a pen-and-ink profile in possession of the Putnam family. The artist sought to reproduce the hero of the people, and, at the same time, attain a dignified expression of the spirit and gallantry of the Revolutionary time. The unveiling of the statue took place on the 17th of June, in the presence of a vast number of people, and is the first work of art, in a technical sense, which Hartford possesses, the bronze figure of Bishop Brownell, in the same park, belonging to Trinity College. At the unveiling, Hon. H. C. Robinson, among other things, said:

"To-day our old hero by the power of art has burst his tomb in Brooklyn, and has even come to a kind of resurrection in our sight. What if we were to eliminate, as by a stroke of lightning, all the portraits of art in the world?—in coins, and medals, and columns, and pillars, and arches, and statues, and oils, and tapestries! What a loss to history! What a wound to the beautiful! What fountain of inspiration must cease forever! Let us welcome, then, queenly art to our lawns, and squares, and public places all."

On Monday, the 22d of June, the statue erected as a memorial by the Seventh Regiment, New York, to the fifty-eight comrades lost in the late war, was inaugurated at Central Park, Governor Dix making the address. The work cost \$40,000, and represents a soldier of heroic size, in the uniform of the Seventh Regiment, on duty as an outpost sentry. Dressed in a fatigue cap and great-coat, the soldier is at rest, the butt of his gun touching the ground. The face is turned a little to one side, and is full of calm determination, as well as of hope. The statue is emblematic of the citizen-soldier of the period of 1861-5, and as such will be regarded with interest for many generations. As a work of art it will take high rank, winning admiration for its simplicity, naturalness, and strength.

On the 17th of June a monument to commemorate the heroism of Hannah Dustin, who was captured by the Indians on the 15th of March, 1697, at Haverhill, Massachusetts, and carried to Contoocook Island, New Hampshire, near Concord, was unveiled at the place of her captivity. It will be remembered that during the night she killed ten Indians, took their scalps, and brought them to Boston. For this brave act she was rewarded at the time, and now posterity attempts to perpetuate her memory. The statue is of granite, seven and a half feet high, standing on a pedestal, and representing a woman holding in one hand a tomahawk and in the other the scalps of the Indians. This work is from the hands of William Andrews, of Lowell, Massachusetts, and cost \$6,000. Monuments to women are exceedingly rare in this country, and so far as we know this is the first public statue of a woman set up in the United States.

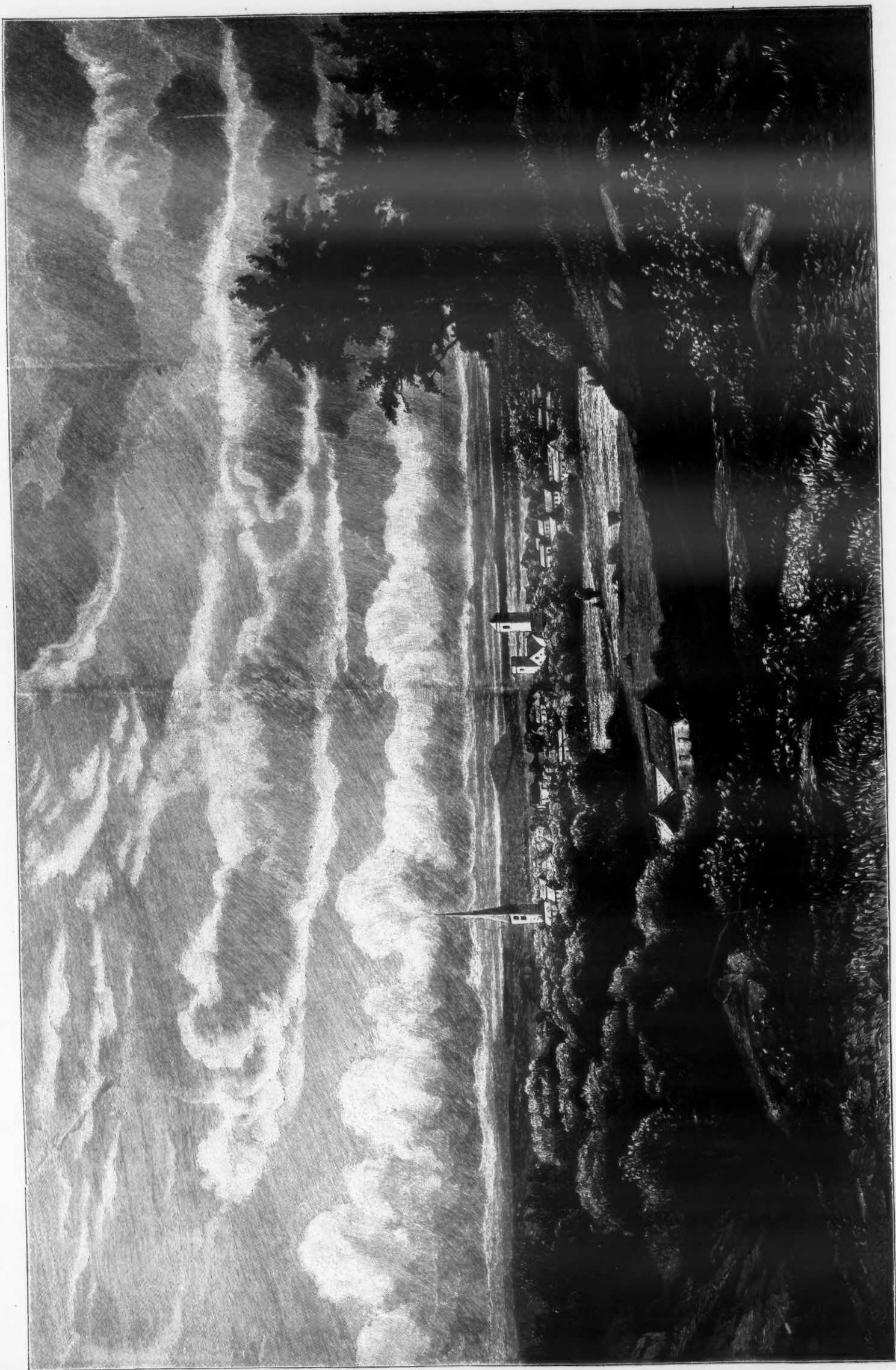
Mr. Preston Powers, son of the late Hiram Powers, has a studio in the basement of the hall of the Senate, in the State House, at Boston, where he is engaged in making a life-size bust of the late Senator Sumner. With the help of a *post-mortem* cast and exact measurements of Mr. Sumner's face, Mr. Powers has succeeded in producing nearly a perfect likeness of the original. Mr. Powers has recently made a number of busts, among which are one of the poet, Whittier, one of Professor Agassiz, one of Mr. Alvin Adams, (the originator of Adams Express), and one of a distinguished United States senator. The bust of the late Professor Agassiz is very satisfactory, so much so that the members of the Agassiz family have commissioned the artist to execute from it three marble busts of heroic size.

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